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In Search of Summer---No. 2.

Topo Chico Hotel, MONTEREY, Mexico, Jan. 13, '91.
I should say it was "In Search of Summer! I thought I had found it, but the stub end of a reach the river?"



Texas Norther is making me shiver like the there was no certainty of any notice being villain in a play, and tropics or no tropics, this feels like winter. Even the assurance that the mercury has not gone below 52° is no comfort when it takes two flannel shirts, a guernsey and double-reefer to keep me from shivering the filling out of my teeth. We have been here nearly two weeks, and the weather has been delightful-warm, yet exhilirating, during the day, cool, but pleasant, at night. On Saturday night it turned cold, the wind roared till Mrs. Don thought the mud roof was going to permit itself to be blown off the tavern, and then it clouded up, the rain loitered about, the clouds drifted over the Topo Chico Mountain till one could almost reach up from the valley and touch them with a walking stick. Talking about clouds, I never saw such panoramic exhibitions of meteorological pheno before! A so-called spur of the Sierra Madres comes within twelve or fifteen miles of this place. Some say they are thirty miles offnobody here has any idea of distances, time, tide or the proper use of soap—and about the distant peaks oceans of smoky vapor, islands of sun-illumined floss, streams of silvery sheen have been circling with the dignity of eternal grandeur during the disturbance of our comfort here below. I find out what an earthworm I am when I tire of such a heavenly parade and growl at the country I am in, the mountains around me and the sky above, just because "Old Si" finds a new place to ache and I am forced to hang over a fire instead of scampering across the plains on my pony. You ought to see the stove we have in our roomit is about the size of a plug hat, and every time it is touched the pipe threatens to fall down. Yet it warms the room and is said to be one of the six bedroom stoves in the whole Republic of Mexico. I have a notion to slip it into my valise and take it along when we go south, as this Norther is said to have touched up even the most sultry places, and may do it

Last week I made a feeble effort to excite the envy of all those left to worry through a northern winter, and retribution has been swift to overtake me. Perhaps you may t having it nice and warm! I have no means of judging. There is a Post Office department in the government of Mexico, but it is managed like the old lady who kept tavern, and for over a week not a sign or sound has come to me from Toronto. When this epistle may reach you, if ever, is as delightfully uncertain as the end of life. One almost hates to put a date on a letter for fear, when it arrives at its destination, it may look like a shock of gray hair on up with native booze and could not

OLD CHURCH ARCHITECTURE IN MEXICO.

top of a by no means frisky child of the distance. This doubt furnishes an excuse for laziness, and is thus continually tempting me with the query: "What use is there in toiling over your work when perhaps it will never Surely I need no such in-

centive to yield to the dreaming and idling born of this lovely land and intoxicating makes to-day pleasant and tomorrow unimportant, save when the valley is visited by the cold winds, which makes Northerners so provident and worry so plentiful.

Bad as the postal service is now, it is infinitely better than it once was. Often in the days of state revolutions in this country I have gone to the post office and found letters waiting me, but before I could get possession of them and feast my eyes on news from home, I have had to pay a dollar apiece to the postmaster, who could see no why he should not make a little something out of the transaction. I invariably put up the money, for what could a stranger do? It would take a month to communicate with the capital, and then

taken of the matter. Furthermore, a new revolution might take place in the meantime, a new postmaster he placed in charge, and the old one put to flight or death. At that time

my best girl back in Canada
—I have her with me now my correspondence came high, but I had to have it. Now the postage is five cents and if one's letters are not more than a month late complaint is held to be a sign of hasty manners and a petulant disposition.

The ride from Nuevo Laredo to Monterey was in the night and through uninteresting scenery. One could see in the moonlight a broad plain, with sparse bunches of coarse grass or bare earth, cactus-covered hills, and later on some mountains dimly defined against the sky. The Salada river deep and swift between its high banks, is passed shortly after entering Mexico. It is the largest tributary of the Rio Grande excepting perhaps the Pecos which enters it from Texas. The mountains become higher and nearer, and the Q. C. and I guessed they must be within two or three miles. The conductor said they were thirty miles away. Distances are deceptive, the air is so clear and the altitude already so great. I was shown the interior of the third-class car, peopled by negroes, Indians,

The men and women were aleeping in the too, was in what is known as the best hotel in disregard of every hygienic principle and cleanly hard wooden seats or on the floor, huddled Mexico-the one that might be described as the habit were to prevail in the north the graveer blankets-for the night was coldand forming groups which defy description or imagination. I told the conductor that I could not be deceived in the distance of those third-class passengers, the smell was too strong. The night grew cold-we were 2,000 feet above the sea-and when at three o'clock in the morning we arrived at Monterey were chilled to the marrow. The idlers the stations had been warming

understand my somewhat uncertain Spanish. The street cars, I had been told, met the train, but no cars were in sight. I made enquiries and was answered No entiende-"I do not understand." I explained that a hack would do and the red-blanketed Mexican staggered up a little closer and breathed on me. His breath was strong enough with Mescal and onions to teach any in telligent traveler the language, but I was sleepy and cold and it didn't Loaded down with seven valises and a photograph camera we stumbled around the cars on the siding and past the end of the wooden station, the O. C. silent but exasperated, Mrs. Don expressing far too hastily, I thought, her regret at having come along. We found the street cars and I asked the driver of one of them if he went near Hotel Hidalgo. He didn't entiende either. I repeated the question in a somewhat londer tone, the Q. C. piled up his share of the hand baggage and sat down on it and indirectly on me. Mrs. Don again expressed grave doubts as to my ability to talk anything but a questionable quality of English-the latter remark suggested perhaps by my

tendency to drop into profane sections of Topo Chico is twelve cents more—the dismy native tongue between my struggles with Spanish. A drunken American approached and volunteered to act as interpreter. Still there was no sign of any entiende. I went over to a different car and questioned the driver. He said he would ask the conductor, who lay asleep in the vehicle, but he was too baracho to know his own name. air. Contentment comes like I tried a third car and was told by a spell and forgetfulness the polite Mexican driver that he passed the very door. When I got back to my party the tipsy Yankee was un-steadily lecturing them on the folly of going to Hotel Hidalgo, but twenty minutes later we were in the hotel. With a fine sense of propriety the American clerk asked the Q. C. if either of us was married to the lady, and I explained that I had the honor, "The man and his wife can have No. 6, but the gentleman will have to sleep with another gentleman." The Q. C. kicked at once. Possibly he had in his mind the people in the third-class car; he would rather sit up the balance of the night, indeed, he would stand up or walk the streets rather than bunk with a stranger. His protest prevailed and he got a room all by his

The bedrooms of a Mexican hostelry are disappointing; at first glance they do not even seem quite clean. The transoms are not furnished with glass, and the dust from the courtyard blows in, forming a lime-colored crust over everything. The mattress is built in sections, and the crevices seem always under what the Cockney calls a "wital pawt." I may be wrong, but the alleged linen in our room looked too rumpled to be quite fresh, and it was only after careful examination that the intense weariness of the moment was yielded to and a decision arrived at to take the legitimate postage was twenty-five cents | chances. The pillows were about the size of a | less, the bath house and the hotel alone having on a letter, and as I had left two storeys and glass win-

They tell me that the Mc-Kinley Bill has had a wonderful effect in stimulating the progress of this country. Mexico has been sharp and revengeful in her reprisals, and Texas is as sore as a boil over the injury done her by Congress. A little later on, if you will pardon me for being historical once in a while, I shall weave into this narrative such facts as shall outline the struggles of a nation which is rapidly developing and will yet have a great place in the world. In dealing with a subject such as this I know I am risking the charge of being prosy, but in North America there are but three nations-Canada, the United States and Mexico. Of the first two we know much, of the third little or nothing, yet her progress has been through blood and sorrow.

tance is some three miles and the time forty-

five minutes. The ride is through a fertile

and melters and many signs of

valley, cut up like a checker board by irrigat-

creating her troubles and aggravating her miseries may have a lesson for us.

Tono Chico is a collection or rather a scatter. ation of one storey houses, principally window-

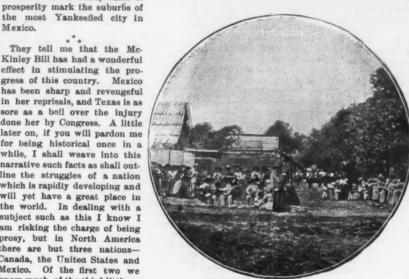
> two storeys and glass windows. The village does not smite the eye as a vision of beauty. The hotel is separated from the mule car track by a field and is surrounded by Mexican huts, goat corrals and donkey yards. The huts are built of stone thatched with sugar cane and belong, as a rule, to the residents who are not prepared to make way for the American speculator unless he puts up an unreasonable price. Notwithstanding that the facts may offer a defence of the proprietor of the springs, the first impression of the stranger is that Topo Chico Hotel is situated in a barn yard and the bath house in a back alley. Everything is dry, however, and the yards in which the burros bray, the goats bleat, and the roosters crow are neatly swept, the stone huts are white-washed and there is no disagreeable odor. The test of the Mexican climate is found in the village, town and city. I have not yet encountered a bad the too close proximity of an unwashed Indian. The air is so pure that meat, butter, eggs and provisions of all sorts will keep for-to us

Mexicans and two drunken Americans, | ten cent bag of salt and quite as hard. This, | northerners-a fabulous time. If the same yard would claim half the population. Here, there are no rules, no supervision of the public sitting in their chairs-editorial and other-

health or habits, no scavengers but the hogs and they are disgustingly everywhere. Forced familiarity with the habits of the Mexican hog has cured me of pork. The savory "sassenger" and seductive ham are alike powerless to make me forget the longlegged, razor-backed, sharpsnouted beast which in these villages is the entire sanitation department.

This hotel is managed by a shrewd, but motherly old Texan lady, who remembers when the Lone Star State was a republic by itself. She sorrows that the brave old days of Davy Crockett have passed away, but a kinder old soul never had an earthly tabernacle and the boarders all call her "aunty." The rates are \$15 per week Mexican money-\$12 per week American moneyand the table is as good ascan be found anywhere in this country, except at Hotel Hidalgo in Monterey. No matter what criticisms may be made our hotel is homelike and Mrs. Carrington's kindly care makes its inmates feel like one big family. Just now it is not crowded, for tourists are just getting over a smallpox scare, but there are two elderly co from Memphis, Tenn., old Col. O'Connor and his grand-daughter from Fort Wayne, Ind., a railway man from Fort Worth, Tex., two young men from Missouri, with

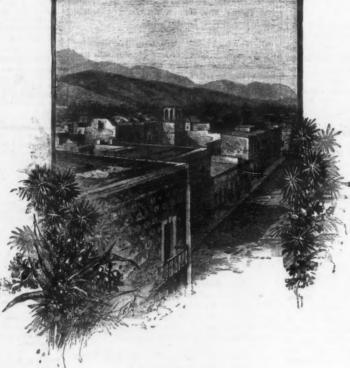
and a score of other interesting people, many of whom are here because they think they couldn't stay alive anywhere else. We have good music every night in the sala, cards and conversation ing ditches. Stumpy palm trees and mosquit for the lame folks, walking parties, photographic hedges border the fields with variegated green expeditions, mountain climbing and bathing-



and the share the United States has had in [the latter taking quite a share of our time. I like it and it is helping my sciatica, the Q. C. is improving rapidly, Mrs. Don isn't quite sure whether she is glad she came-but then she isn't sick. Next week I shall speak of the baths and the wonderful cures the waters effect, and of the people of this queer land. rightly enough called the Egypt of America. Good-bye.

Around Town.

There seems to have been a miraculous change of opinions on the matter of submitting the Sunday street car question to the people Now that the elections are over and the sky above is clearing, some of those who valorously crept under the barn before have experienced a change of heart, which prompts them to come out and say, "Let the people rule." There is not the slightest douot that a petition, signed by five thousand citizens, or even double that number, who favor the movement can be pro-cured. The people will then have an opportunity of saying whether they agree with a ring of unprogressive journals. clerics and laymen, or whether they intend to keep Toronto abreast of the advancement of other enterprising cities round about us. It seems almost incredible that any thinking man, or body of men, in this year of grace, should argue that the people should not be trusted to express their feelings freely on any such question. What remnant of the dark ages is this that we have with us? Have we here in Toronto, in the present day, some of the shivering ghosts of those from whom with force and bloodshed, Liberty and Intelligence wrested all their privileges? This is a day when the people are ruling themselves and speaking smell except on a mescal-laden Mexican's breath or in part of the globe. Wherever the domination of the classes has not yet entirely disappeared, it is being undermined and is rapidly tottering to its fall. The people have spoken for themselves and will speak for themselves in this case. If they want Sunday street cars they will say so; if they do not want them they will voice their sentiments with no uncertain sound. But it is a sight to see these



A GLIMPSE OF MONTEREY.

Queen's of the Southern Republic. It is kept by an Englishman and a big, jolly fellow he is, and not too proud to wear the cap and apron of the kitchen either. His sister and housekeeper is ill and at the springs taking the waters, so, I suppose, the hotel is not up to its best just now. though with Mexican help perfection is impossible. The fact however, remains, that the tourist in this country must not expect too much in the hotels; they are not well furnished, the "modern conveniences," are lacking and the meals are not served as Canadians are sure to demand. Like all southern countries the food -except the soup and pudding at dinner-is all put upon the table at once, and isn't quite hot when it gets there. Stewed meats are popular and are half jellied before they can be eaten, fried meats are woody on the start and tough at the finish. Eggs are always good, and the climate is such that the hen works industriously the year round. The coffee is good, the tea poor, the vegetables cold, the onions strong, yet if one is prepared to live simply it can be accomplished in Mexico without the slightest sense of deprivation. The expense is not great -from two to three and a half dollars a day being ample. If one so desires this can be reduced by half, though without a knowledge of the language it would be a rather uncomfort-

able life. After a day's sight-seeing in Monterey and s lovely lounge about the plaza under orange and banana trees, by a fountain which is the center of the city's social life, we took the horse cars for Topo Chico Hot Springs. They have electric light in the city, but not electric cars. The latter are nearly as big as ours and are propelled by a wee, wee mule, who tackles the job of pulling the load behind him in a spirit of earnest determination, which should enlist more human sympathy than it does. The ordinary fare up-town is six cents, from the station of the Mexican National Railway to only half a lung between them,



AN INDIAN GIRL OF MEXICO.

wise-upon the shore and ordering the waves

The trouble seems to be that Toronto has grown so fast that many of her estimable citizens have not been able to keep up with her They are not yet fully awake to the fact that instead of the one-horse town of ten or twelve years ago, they are now living in a city, small as yet, but commencing to assume metropolitan proportions. They still imagine that the city of to-day can be run in the same way as the town of a decade ago. They are slow to adopt new and improved machinery. In this Sunday street car business they are not unlike the oldfashioned farmers who would have nothing to do with fanning-mills, because they felt that the devil must be connected with anything that could make wind when there was none blowing in the usual way. It would be a very pleasant state of affairs if Toronto could go on increasing in size and developing into a great industrial center and still retain the Sunday of its village days. It would be a delight if every workingman could sit down on summer Sundays under his own shade tree, and on his plot of grass, or toddle with his wife and family to hear his favorite preacher just around the corner. But, alas for the dreams of those who are not yet awake, such things are not compatible in the present state of affairs with life in great cities. Those who would have the Sabbath of the country village must go to the village to get The Sabbath of cities must be made so as to furnish the greatest good to the greatest number of people, even if the rumble of the "poor-man's charlot" does grate rather harshly on super-sensitive ears. There is no occasion for being alarmed that the running of the cars on Sunday will make any more labor for either man or beast. If those people who are now so zealous for the welfare of the poor car-driver and his horse only retain half of the same zeal after the cars commence running on Sunday, they can easily detect it and raise an outcry if they find them compelled to work seven days in the week. That the cars will run on Sunday in Toronto ere long is as certain as that the spring will follow this winter.

Now that the ladies have been given the privilege of becoming members of the High school board the memory goes wandering back to sundry meetings of the Separate school board where their gentle presence might have

The sermons and lectures of Rev. Father Huntington of New York have created much discussion during the week. It cannot be said of this young, Anglican enthusiast that he does nothing but talk and leaves the work for others. As he said the other evening at the Auditorium he is not alone a friend of the poor, but one of the poor. He has, it appears, given himself wholly up to the amelioration of the condition of the wretched and downtrodden. Men whose enthusiasm carry them as far as this always win the confidence of the public. The man of deeds is the man to whom attention is paid. When a man has himself put his hand to the plough and says "come" instead of saying "go," he gives an assurance that can be given in no other way. His following is sure of him and he is sure of his following, for the great majority of mankind have always needed, and will always need, a leading spirit. Father Huntington has found the weedy field for his labors in the slums of New York, than which there is probably no more pestilential spot under the blue canopy. Seeing there, in the greatest city of this continent, the bitter contrast between "the mighty and the mean, the pride of wealth and the abjectness of poverty." he has concluded that the most practical remedy is to be found in the adoption of the theories promulgated by Henry George and his adherents. In his reply on Tuesday evening to Principal Grant's criticism of the Single Tax doctrine, he addressed one of the most enthusiastic meetings ever held in Toronto in the interests of this cause. As it is a question which affects everyone there is a most wide-spread interest taken in it, and the audience which heard Father Huntington was as repre sentative as could be desired, from the day laborer to the highest intellectual lights of the city. The Single Tax question is one in which much interest is taken by many, but on which few take a decided stand.

I see that some Chicago business men have been talking of the feasibility of making that city a sea port. There are two routes spoken of-either an all-water course or by ship railway from Lake Ontario to Lake Huron. There

no doubt that if ocean vessels are once introduced into the lakes, the system would be continued until the heads of Lakes Superior and Michigan are reached. Chicago should take steps to have it open by '93. It would be an event in keeping with the centenary they intend to celebrate, this extension of the voyage of Columbus several thousand miles westward.

Social and Personal.

The handsome rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists were in festive garb on Wednesday night, when Mrs. Blackstock welcomed over four hundred guests to her splendid ball, which was given in honor of Mr. Emory of Boston and Miss Van Horne of Montreal. The dancing floor had been carefully prepared and one enthusiastic little dancer assured me that there never was a better floor. Perhaps no more truly artistic setting for gowns and faces could be desired than that furnished by the terra cotta walls with their wealth of pictures. The orchestra was stationed at the eastern end of the gallery amid a screen of palms and ferns. Twice Mrs. Blackstock's walts was played, supplying ecstatic inspiration to the dancers. The rooms were all plentifully decorated with flowers, and the largest northern room with the one west of it were furnished for sitting-out rooms, being supplied with numerous comfortable chairs and an abundance of subdued light. Refreshments were served from a table set across the southern entrance to the room in which supper was served. The landing was artistically decorated with flowers and furnished with rugs and chairs.

Mrs. Blackstood stood at the head of the stair to receive her guests. She wore an elegantly fashioned gown of black velvet en traine with a jetted net front. Mrs. T.C. Patteson wore white lace and diamonds; Mrs. Fitzgibbon, yellow brocade; Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, white tulle and diamonds; Mrs. Torrance, yellow brocade; Miss Beardmore, white embroidered satin and pearls; Miss Helen Beardmore, blue crape; Miss Adrine Todd, yellow silk gauze; Miss May Todd, pink tulle; Miss McMicking, pale pink satin; Miss Grace Boulton, blue tulle and white ribbons: Miss Larratt-Smith. pale blue with yellow trimmings; Miss Susie Jones, pearl gray net and maize velvet; Miss Morgan, white silk and ostrich feathers: Mrs. Barwick, gray faille and gray ostrich tips Miss Seymour, pale pink and silver; Miss Sibyl Seymour, white and silver; Miss Walker, pink cloth with gold passmenterie; Mrs. Alfred Cameron, mauve; Mrs. Cecil Gibson. red; Miss Bunting, white and silver gauze; Miss Parsons, pale blue tulle and velvet, with trimmings of silver and natural flowers; Miss Arthurs, pale blue crape with silver girdle and natural flowers; Miss Fraser of Detroit, white china silk and natural flowers; Miss Homer Dixon, white tulle; Mrs. W. Brouse, flowered net with gold braid and diamonds; Miss Fanny Smith, black and pink brocade; Miss Amy Rutherford, yellow crepe du chine; Miss Mere dith, red silk; Miss Langmuir, white silk; Mrs. Henry Cawthra, wine-colored silk and diamonds; Miss Cawthra, nile green embroidered crepe du chine, with pink flowers; Miss Cawthra, white crepe du chine; Miss Bessie Macdonald, white silk and ruche of lily-of-the valley; Mrs. Douglas Armour, black net; Mrs. Augustine Foy, black net with gold embroidery ; Mrs. Law, blue and yellow satin; Miss Annie Parsons, mauve silk and steel embroidery: Mrs. Macdougald, pink and gray gown; Mrs. Otter, pale terra-cotta brocade; Mrs. Hume Blake, white gauze; Miss Thorburn, white tulle; Mrs. Bristol, white net and steel; Mrs. Arnoldi, pink; Mrs. C. Baines, yellow net; Miss Covernton, vellow china silk and white valenciennes lace; Miss Wilson of Kingston, pale pink faille; Miss Heien Boulton, white tulle with yellow flowers; Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson, strawberry gros-grain silk with India silk drapery, and gold and diamond ornaments; Miss Etta Robertson of Believille, China crape and silver trimmings; Miss Drayton, cream net with cream velvet bodice : Mrs. R. D. Gamble, gray satin; Mrs. Henry Duggan, black tulle with gold embroidery, train of black and pink striped velvet.

Among others who were present were: Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. John Foy, Mr. and Mrs. James Foy, the Misses Shanly, Miss Baines, Miss Farquhar, Dr. and Mrs. Hall, Miss Bosweil of Cobourg, Miss Keefer, Mr. and Mrs. Holtaine, Miss D'Arcy Boulton, Mr. Bruce of Hamilton, Mr. Shanly, Messrs. Boulton, Mr. McLennan, Judge Finkle of Woodstock, Mr. Ford Jones, Mr. Tilley, Mr. Hammond, Mr. Kent of Buffalo, Mr. Stuart Morrison, Messrs. Beardmore, Mr. Abbott, Mr. Walker, Mr. Manning, Mr. Ross, Mr. Bunting, Mr. Alfred Jones, Mr. Harold Parsons, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. Wallace Jones, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. Watson, Mr. Houston, Mr. Ward of Port Hope, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brown, Mr. Frank Darling, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Middleton, Mr. Alex. Munro Grier, Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Grier, Mr. Stephen Baldwin, Mr. Walter Reed, Mr. Hay and Mr. Spratt.

Guests were also bidden by Mrs. Blackstock to afternoon tea on Monday. There were present: Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Parsons Miss McMicking, Miss Helen Beardmore, Mrs Douglas Armour, Mrs. Barwick, the Misses Beatty, Miss Beaumont, Miss Bunting, Miss Arthurs, Miss Shanly, Miss Saunders, Mrs. R. D. Gamble, Mrs. E. Brown, Miss Keefer, Miss Macdonald, Mr. Stuart Morrison, Captain Tassie, Mr. Hay, Mr. Middleton Captain Mac dougall, Mr. Ward of Port Hope and Mr. Spratt.

Miss Campbell will be At Home to her friends on Wednesday next from five to six o'clock, instead of the first Wednesday in February. The reception hour will in future be from five to six.

Mrs. Albert Nordheimer entertained a num ber of friends at dinner on Monday evening last. Among those present were: Mrs. Bankes, Miss Langmuir, Miss Beardmore, Miss Sevmour, Mr. George Beardmore, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Mr. Jones, and Mr. David Macpher son. Mrs. Nordheimer has also issued invitations for another dinner party, to take place next week.

Mrs. Cockburn's dinner party on Thursday evening of last week was an especially dainty In the flower decorations lily-of-thevalley predominated, and a truly artistic effect was obtained from the gleaming white bells and waxy leaves against the polished table surface.

Mrs. Goldwin Smith of the Grange welcomed a number of guests to afternoon tea on Thurs.

Mr. Henry Ince has let his house in St. George street, furnished, to his brother, and has gone with his family to the Rossin House for the winter months.

Mrs. Blackstock of Jarvis street gave a charmingly arranged yellow and white dinner party on Tuesday last. The flowers were white roses and lilies, and the yellow was carried out in the softly tinted table center and the gold candelabra. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Tait, Miss Bunting, Miss Beaumont, Miss Beatty, Miss Maud Beatty, Miss Beardmore, Miss Parsons, Miss McMacking, Mr. Emory of Boston, Mr. Hay, Major Harrison, Mr. Grier, Mr. Blackwood, Mr. Beardmore and Mr. Kent

Mrs. A. M. Cosby entertains friends at dinner on Monday next.

Mrs. Beardmore will welcome guests to dinner on Tuesday.

Mrs. McMaster of Jarvis street has gone south for the winter.

Judge Finkle of Woodstock and Mrs T. C. Patteson of Eastwood are guests at the residence of Mrs. Blackstock of Jarvis street.

Mrs. Heron of Ottawa is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Gordon Brown of College street.

Mrs. Irving Cameron of Sherbourne street elcomed a number of guests to afternoon tea

Mrs. Snelling of Murray street gave afternoon tea to friends on Thursday.

The Misses Dixon of Wellesley street welcomed guests to afternoon tea on Friday.

Miss Saunders of Guelph is the guest of the

Mrs. Edgar of Bloor street gave a most attractively arranged musicale on Thursday

Mrs. Mason and Miss T. Mason of Barrie have been the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Harri-

Shrove Tuesday has been postponed until after lent and will take place on March 31 in the Art Gallery.

Mrs. Laidlaw of St. Alban's street entertained friends at afternoon tea on Friday.

Mrs. J. Ross Robertson has entertained her friends a number of times this season at most daintily-arranged luncheon parties.

The Misses MacMurchy of Sherbourne street entertained friends at a yellow luncheon on Tuesday. The daintily-arranged party was given in honor of their guest, Miss White of Woodstock. Pretty narcissus favors tied with yellow ribbon were laid before each guest, and the flower decorations also paid allegiance to the color chosen. Among those present were: Mrs. Thurston, Mrs. Allie, Mrs. Harton Walker, Miss Kennedy, and Miss McMullen of Wood

Mrs. Lindsay of Beverley street entertained a large number of friends at an At Home on Tuesday, Mrs. Lindsay received her guests in the large room to the left of the entrance, which, as well as the other rooms, was handsomely decorated with palms, roses and ferns. Music was stationed in a smaller room off the library and the reception room was prettily ornamented with fern and primroses. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. Sweatman, Miss Boulton, Mrs. and Miss Cawthra, Mrs. W. Boulton, Rev. and Mrs. Cayley, Mrs. Baines, Mr. and Mrs, George Lindsay and Miss Langtry.

On Monday evening Mrs. Bignell of Beverley street gave a most enjoyable musicale and dance in honor of Miss Grange of Napanee, who is the guest of Mrs. A. H. Aylesworth of Madison avenue.

Mrs. G. A. Newman of Wilcox street gave a very enjoyable card party on Thursday of last

Mrs. Charles Fuller of Metcalfe street gave a luncheon on Friday of last week in honor of Miss Clark of St. Catharines, who is the guest of Mrs. Beatty of Huron street.

Rev. Prof. Clark of Trinity College gave a most enjoyable dinner party last Thursday evening. The guests who had the pleasure of being invited were: Prof. Jones, Miss Strachan, Prof. and Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Body, Mr. T. C. Patteson, Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Broughall, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. Colley Foster and Mrs. Foster, Prof. and Mrs. Symonds.

An old an familiar face has been seen in Toronto streets during this week in the person of Thos. W. Score, eldest son of Ald. Score. He left home four years ago to enter business across the border. His many friends have given him a hearty welcome.

Cards are out for a conversazione at Trinity College on Thursday, February 5.

The Zetland Masonic Lodge welcomed their friends to their annual At Home on Friday evening. The Academy of Music was well arranged for the comfort and pleasure of all present, and the At Home was most deservedly

Osgoode Legal and Literary Society will entertain their friends in splendid style on Monday evening next. The At Home promises to outshine all previous social functions given by the society, in that a larger number are more intimately concerned in its success.

The "jolly Wanderers" are making extensive preparations for the Snowshoe Club At Home in the Pavilion on Friday next. The success is assured, for the demand for tickets is very great, and in consequence the committee has been obliged to place a limit upon

Smoking concerts are frowned upon by women as being selfish pleasures, but perhaps it is well to allow the male members of the family some one social function to offset the increasing number of ladies' luncheons and teas. Men do most thoroughly enjoy these concerts, in spite of frowns and sarcasm, and the series given by the Canadian Military In-stitute are deserving of the popularity which they have attained. A gentleman spoke to me in earnestly effective language of the delight. ful time he had at the last one, and made very complimentary allusions to the general arrangements.

The officers and members of Cavendish Club are preparing to give their friends a treat on Thursday next, when they will welcome them to their second annual ball in Webb's assembly

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club ball is even now receiving the earnest consideration of those who expect to attend. The committee is busy perfecting the arrangements and carrying out the details, and the fair guests are plan ning gowns and smiles for the eventful fourth of February.

I have received the dainty card of invitation

for their annual ball, which will take place or the evening of Friday, January 30. The gathering is under the patronage of the following ladies: Mrs. B. E. Charlton, Mrs. John Crerar Mrs. William Hendrie, Mrs. Joseph Hobson Mrs. F. E. Kilvert, Mrs. R. A. E. Kennedy Mrs. J. M. Lottridge, Mrs. F. Mackelcan, Mrs. H. Murray, Mrs. J. W. Murton, and Mrs. George Roach.

Court Brock holds its annual At Home on February 5, at Webb's Parlors.

Mrs. J. D. King of Jarvis street entertained a hundred and fifty guests at an At Home on Friday of last week. Elmlawn was splendidly arranged for the occasion and dancing was merrily kept up till three o'clock.

The members of Winona Social Circle met in a re-union on Thursday of last week in Prospect Park Hall. The object of the society is "the cultivation of musical and literary taste and talent, the promotion of social intercourse and good fellowship, and the mutual improvement of its members.'

The Artist's Fancy Dress Ball announced for The annual meeting of the Imperial Federation League in Canada will be held at Shaftes bury Hall, Toronto, on Friday, January 30, at p.m., for the election of officers and other business. In the evening a public meeting will be held in the Auditorium, which will be addressed by Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, Q.C., M.P. president of the League, Rev. Principal Grant and others.

> A London correspondent sends me the fol lowing: On New Year's night the amateurs of this town rendered. in the Opera House, the high-class drama, London Assurance, with splendid success. Notwithstanding the rain that poured heavily during the evening, they were honored with a crowded house. We shall be pleased to see our young friends on the stage again, and particularly request the pleasure of seeing London Assurance repeated.

> > She was Dreadfully Tormented.

The following conversation is reported to have taken place between a minister and a widow, both of Aberdeen. The widow, who called upon the minister, seemed desirous of relieving her mind of something which oppressed her, at which the reverend gentleman, wishing to hurry matters, exclaimed:
"My good woman, you see Lean he of no

"My good woman, you see I can be of no service to you till you tell me what it is that troubles you."
"Weel, sir, I'm thinkin' o' getting married

again."
"Oh, that is it! Let me see; that is pretty frequent, surely. How many husbands have you had?"
"Weel, sir," she replied in a tone less of sorrow than of bitterness, "this is the fourth. I'm sure there never was a wummun sae completely tormented wi' sic' a set o' deein' men as I've been, sir."

She Jumped on Him With Both Feet. She was a pretty thing, and when she entered the Madison avenue car all the ladies looked at her with visible envy. In her lap was the cutest little pug you ever saw. The pout on his mouth was enough to make the angels

Bing.

By and by the pug began to whine and find fault, so the lady bent down and touched his cute mouth with her rosy lips.

"I wish I were that dog," whispered a dude opposite. "I'd give a five dollar bill to be him

"I wish I were that dog," whispered a dude opposite. "I'd give a five dollar bill to be him for the next hour."

The beautiful creature's brow showed signs of a storm. Jumping up she looked the dude straight in the face.

"Never mind," she hissed, with a pretense of humor; "you're young yet. You're a meanlooking little pup, but even pugs are homely when first weaned."

Her Face Was Familiar.

One day a woman went to Brigham Young for counsel touching some alleged opposition by an officer of the church. Brigham, like a ae politician, assumed to know her, but when it became necessary to record her case, hesitated and said:
"Let me see, sister, I have forgotten your

nsme."
"My name!" was the indignant reply, "why,
I am your wife!"
"When did I marry you?" queried wily old

When did I marry you?" queried wily old Brigham.
The woman informed him, and after con-sulting a memorandum book the old fellow said:
"Well, I believe you are right, my good woman. I thought your face was familiar."

She—I believe that a people are both outwardly and inwardly influenced by their natural surroundings—that scenery influences physiognomy—the Highlanders, you know, physiognomy—the Highlanders, you know, have rugged faces.

He—Yes, and that Chicago girl behind me, who lives on Prairie avenue, is plain-looking.

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McGlue—Oi hov wan alriddy as good as new.
Superintendent—All right. Put it on in the morning and come to see me.



I have received the dainty card of invitation leaves by the Masonic Fraternity of Hamilton, Servet East, Toronto care, sor.—Judge.

Boudoir Gossip.



This week my attention has been centered almost wholly upon the noses of the people whom I meet. In what a variety of sizes and shapes the

nasal organ is seen, and how strangely some noses fit some faces. One very prominent no e belongs to a prominent man In town. He is somewhat awk-

ward in his movements and drags his extended anatomy along the pavement in an odd goingto fall-to pi ces-around the corner style. His nasal appendage is remarkable for the abundance of bone and the scarcity of skin used in its compliation, and it is a thorough index of his mental alertness.

Some noses are sharp and long, and if they are straight at the edges they denote cruelty d vindictiveness. If they are broadened at the nostril, the owner is inquisitive; if the outer edge is curved up from the center, shrewdness and sensitiveness are indicated. A dumpy little nose shows want of tact and a generally indecisive nature, while a tip-tilted one has always been a synonym for sauciness, mirth and hot-headedness. We may stare unmercifully at the nose which seems to have taken upon itself the contract of securing all the attention its owner's face ever receives, and yet who does not admire a big nose. Henry Irving, Ruskin, and Mrs. Sheridan, the wife of the famous Richard, are notable in all their portraits for large, strong noses, and while it gives an almost over decisive look to the handsome woman's physiogonomy, Ruskin and Irving would appear insignificant if it were not for their prominent nasal organs,

You girls who are engaged, listen to me! I wonder if you have the least idea of your worth in the minds of the other men. Of course you are all in all to "him," but did you ever think that you are to the youth without "intentions" what the bald-headed old husband is to the girl who wants to "talk with a nice man."

"Engaged girls are so contented," said a restless specimen of masculinity one day last week. And then he went on to tell how much he enjoyed his friendship with an engaged girl some years ago. He declared that she patronized him from the lofty pinnacle of her good fortune and he did delight to talk with her, just because she was so delightfully, deliriously

Of all the phrases which I dislike I think "so they said," occupies the highest place of dishonor. How tartly it can be voiced, with a contemptuous inflection on the last word which casts inky shadows on the veracity of the person who made the questioned state-ment. It is one of the saddest lessons that we have to learn in life-that what people "say" is not necessarily rock bottom truth. Coming along King street yesterday I overheard a loudvoiced discussion between a well dressed young woman and her escort, regarding the price of some furs. "They cost two hundred," began the girl. Then after a pause she went on: "at least, so they said," adding finally a doubt of the statement by declaring decisively, "but I don't believe it."

It is a pity-a great pity-that we cannot believe what people tell us. It would be delightful to take every man, woman and child at their simple word. We would like to do it, but life and bitter experience have taught us better. We look out for number one, and are forced into treating casual acquaintances and a few of our friends to intense scrutiny after every surprising affirmation, and even then to divide by two most of their remarks. There are people whose "yes" means yes to me, from whose most glowing statements I would not take one atom of coloring, on whose absolute truthfulness I am not afraid to rely, but they are very few. Others we cannot, dare not, trust, and we temper the statements of such with the explanatory and non-commital phrase, "So they

Some wise woman speaks half scornfully of the "fussiness" of window draperies. She comments on the roller shade which conceals us when we wish concealment, of the street screen of silk or muslin, of the lace curtain which lives up to its decorative reputation, and of the serge, arras or brocatelle which keeps in the warmth, and stands guard against wandering draughts. They may be fussy, but are they not beautiful? So long as we wisely admit sun and air who should chide us if we bind soft meshed fabrics and delicate tints about our windows and thus frame in the monotony of city streets with a well draped

A few men who witnessed Sarah Bernhardt's Cleopatra were entranced at the prospect of the probable reduction of dressmaker's bills. If Sarah could dress herself with yards and yards of material and fashion the gown of patience and pine, why couldn't all women go and do likewise upon an improved plan. It might do, but madame would have to engage a a deft-fingered maid with artistic tendencies and monsieur might find himself wrathy when Abigail's wages were due.

When you buy a new veil, girls, get a little more than three quarters of a yard, because you can slide it about when it gets thin or worn and an ugly little hole can be hidden in a fold on the side brim of your hat, when it would grin unmercifully at your carelessness if it had to come directly in the center. Another thing, don't tie the ends of your veil. Give them a twist, and tuck them beneath your hat or under the trimming. Not only do veils last longer if fastened in this way, but the drawn look of a well-tied veil is out of the question, and it is much easier to remove and to adjust.

The following letter came to me last week, too late for a place in this column. This far-away American friend had read with interest the quotations I made from that eleverly.

written sketch of A Holiday-Time in America She read critically, too, and some of the assertions were too sweeping to allow silence, and of them she will now speak to you for herself.

MY FRIEND CLIP CAREW, -We noticed particularly in your column of January 10 the English girl's comments. That there is no drinking in the entrance halls of American hotels and that the colored waiters are courteous are welcome tributes to American customs. The wearing of jewels in profusion is, perhaps, in some cases true. Not all, however, are thus bedecked. The rule is: Quietness of dress in traveling. The tiny diamonds, like dewdrops on the small flower-pins, are not out of place anywhere; yet, I think, few wear them on the cars or steamers. But to contradict the belief that people of the United States only wear an over abundance of jewelry, there comes to my memory the incident of having met a lady and her husband-charming people who had crossed the Atlantic from their homes in Scotland and landing in New York, immediately made the tour of this country. We met them on their trip The lady wore a long chain of gold around her neck, and many large rings on her fingers. At first we looked with critical eyes of the English girl, whose remarks you quote. Then, becoming acquainted, because there were only the two parties in the car-the Scotch people and ourselves, the jewels lost their lustre when the worth and intelligence of the wearer appeared to us. The peculiarities of tourists attract attention in every country. I quote an instance: An Eng-lishman and his wife, one cold spring day, at a railroad station, where everyone around them was well wrapped-some in furs-were attired in summer clothing. The lady wore a straw hat, and carried a fan in her hand. The gentleman had on a linen coat and carried a pack on his shoulders. This caused much amusement to the spectators.

The admiration for Toronto is well placed,

for it is a beautiful city; and the Sunday closing of saloons and general order is com-mendable. Yet, that peop'e do take plea-uredrives on that day, I noticed when in the city a year ago. If all are content without street cars, may that happy state continue. In American cities, the distances are so great-large cities I mean-that it is a boon to those who cannot walk far, to be able to ride to church. Or, perchance, some, too poor to hire a carriage, and tired after their week's labor, may, by means of a street car, travel out of the town into the fresh, country air. In the public parks I have seen whole families enjoying this blessed privilege. How glad they must have been, that for five cents a summer Sunday could be spent away from the heat and dust, and for the strength thus given for the coming week. Again, the United States has such an in-coming of foreign elements, each bringing his own custome, that it will take a long time to merge them into one people and to say: 'Those are American characteristics or cus As the English love England, and are proud of their country, so may the time come when every A nerican citizen, whether of foreign birth or born under the protection of the "Star Spangled Banner," will feel that the interests of this grand country are identified with his, and call for patriotism and devotion. AMERICA.

Comica is still abroad, and a travel-worn letter with its odd stamp, and the well-known writing of my friend brings to me such a breath a breath of summer that I cannot refrain from quoting from it. Little purple violets which come closely folded in the pages

make the pictured summer even more real.
"Nice," she says, "is very tropical in ap-"Nice," she says, "is very tropical in appearance. Great palms with their feathery branches moving at the touch of the winds are here in great variety and beauty. Orange trees abound—laden with their tempting golden fruir, acaias so dainty in soft green fern-like foliage, and rose-hued grapes line the walks, while sturdy casti guard some premises. Roses run rior. My room is laden with their perfume as I write you."

Of the Mediterranean Comica speaks with enthusiasm. "Of course it is blue," she begins, "but what a blue. It seems more like marine blue to me than any other shade; while sometimes it is perfectly green. Then the most exquisite tones of red, pink, rose-madder, grays and blues, blush and dimple over its sur face, and broad lines of pearl break with great moans or gentle monotone along its shore."

Did you ever meet a person with an uncomfortably good memory? If so, aren't they disagreeable? I have in mind a woman who remembers figures, while I don't. I may in some moment of nonsensical frankness mention the price of a piece of goods or a pound of coffee or a pair of rubbers. Months afterwards, she will ask me: how much I said that serge or that coff e or those rubbers were. Perhaps I will think I know, or guess along the line of supposed cost. Then that woman will tell me to a cent how much it was, and I will draw me down in my arm-chair and declare with much silent but persuasive argument that I will silent but persuasive argument that I will never be drawn into any such trap again. Her memory is what I call an uncomfortable one and she is not one women but hundreds. CLIP CAREW.



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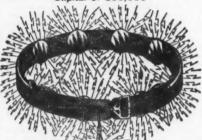
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BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

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CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III.

The dome and steeples of the great city, towers and warehouses, roofs old and new, showed dark sgainst a saffron sky, as Gerard Hilleredon set his face to the west in the cool stillness of early morning. He had drunk enough and talked enough to exalt his spirits with an unwonted elation, as if life and the world were new and all old and troublesome things cast off like a slough, and flung behind him into the universal dust-heap men call the Past. There is no Nepenthe like a night's debauch for obliterating the consciousness of trouble, but unhappily the effect is but transient, and Memory will resume her sway. In this summer dawning Gerard walked through the empty streets with a tread as light as if his youth had never been shadowed by a care. In this mood of his he accepted Justin Jermyn as a serious fact, a man of unusual gifts and faculties; a man who by fair means or foul had plucked him by the sleeve and held him back upon the brink of a black guif which he shuddered to think upon.

"To be or not to be?" he muttered, slackening his step in the morning solitude of Lincoln's Inn, where there were foint odors of foliage and flowers freshened by the dews of night. "To be or not to be? I was a fool to think that my choice was inevitable. Faust had the poison at his lips, when the Easter joybells stayed his hand. And after that burst of Heavenly gladness—and after that thrilling chorus, 'Christ is risen'—came the flend with his worldly-wise philosophy, and his gifts of wealth and power. Is the influence that stayed my hand of Heaven or hell, I wonder?"

His thoughts reverted to the face of the girl at the sewing machine. He was in no mood to roube himself as to the nature of the vision he had seen, whether it were hypnotic, or some juggler's trick produced by mechanical means. It was of the face that he thought, for it was a familiar face; a face of the long, ago, and he tried in vain to fix it in his memory. It floated there, vaguely mixed with the vision of his vanished boyhood—a dream of summer

He let himself into the dark and airless lodging-house passage, with his latchkey, a privilege he could scarcely hope to enjoy many days longer unless he could comply with, or compromise, the demand in his landlord's letter. Yet even this idea of being turned out of doors seemed hardly to trouble him this morning. At the worst he could go down to his father's rectory, and bury himself among green leaves and village faces. And if he must be bankrupt, see his name in the Gazette, shameful as the thing would seem to the rural rector and his wife, he would not be the first. Among the scions of the nobility bankruptcy is as common as measles.

ommon as measles. His sitting-room and the adjoining bed-room looked shabbier than usual in the clear morn-ing light after those luxurious rooms of Justin Jermyn's. The furniture had been good enough Jermyn's. The furniture had been good enough once upon a time for its specific purpose—brass bedstead, maple suite in the bed-room, walnut wood and cretonne in the sitting-room—but it had grown shabby and equalid with the wear and teer of successive longers; and the landlord, crippled by bad debts, had never been rich enough to renew the cretonne or improve upon the phills in ism of the walnut wood. A sordid den, repulsive to the eye of a man with any sense of the beautiful.

Hillersdon was tired and exhausted, but slumber was far from his cyclids, and he knew it was useless to go to bad, when his brain was working with a forty-horse power, and his temples were aching with sharp neuralgic pain. He flung himself into an arm-chair, lighted a cigar which Jermyn had thrust upon him at parting, and looked idly round the room.

There were some letters upon the fable at

There were some letters upon the table, at There were some letters upon the 'table, at least half-a dozen, the usual thing no doubt is lills and threatening letters from lawyers of obscure address, calling his attention to neglected applications from tradesmen. Common as such letters were, it was always a shock to him to find that the bland and obliging purveyor had handed him over to the iron hand of the solicitor. He was in no haste to open those letters, which would supply so many Items in his schedule, perhaps, a few days la'er. Insolvency had been staring him in the face for a long time, and there was no alternative between death and the Gazette.

He finished his cigar, and then began to open his letters, deliberately, and as it were with a

his letters, deliberately, and as it were with a

The first was from his hatter, piteously respectful; the second was from a solicitor in Bioomsbury, calling attention to an account of three years' standing with a Bond street hairdresser, and the third and fourth were those uninforming yet significant documents, bill delivered, bearing date of the vanished years, and with a footnote requesting his earliest attention. Bill delivered. What value had he received for the sums demanded. A scarf, and a pair of gloves, bought casually pour passer temps, a set of shirts, perhaps, ordered to please the tradesman rather than from any need of his own, and behold the man was clamoring for a city-seven pounds odd shillings and pence. He opened the fifth letter, which announced itself upon the envelope as from Lincoln's Inn Fields, and which, by the thickness of the paper and style of the address, was at least from a solicitor of position and respectability. Yet doubtless the tune was only the old tune, played upon a superior instrument. No, by heaven, it was not the old formula.

"190, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W. C. first was from his hatter, piteously re-

"190, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W. C. July 17, 188 July 17, 188—.

Sir,—If you are the same Mr. Gerard Hilleradon who in 1879 rescued an old gentleman from an approaching engine in the station at Nice, we have the honor to inform you that our late client, Mr. Milford, banker, of London, Marseilles, and Nice, has bequeathed the bulk of his large fortune to you, as residuary legatee. Our client was of somewhat eccentric habits, but we have no reason to doubt his disposing power at the date of the will, nor do we at present apprehend any attempt to dispute the said will, since Mr. Milford leaves no near relations. relations. "We shall be glad to see you, either here or

at your own residence at your earliest con-

We have the honor to be, sir,

Yours, etc., etc., "Crafton & Cranberry." Hillersdon turned the letter over and over in

Hillersdon turned the letter over and over in his hands, as if expecting that solid sheet of paper to change into a withered leaf in his touch, and then he burst into a laugh, as loud but not as joyous as Jermyn's gnome-like laughter.

"A trick," he cried, "a palpable trick, of the fate-reader, hypnotist, whatever he may please to call himself. A cruel jest, rather, to mock parched lips with the promise of the fountain; to exercise his fancy upon a destitute man. Weil, I am not to be caught so easily. The churl whose remnant of life I saved at Nice was no wealthy banker, I'll be sworn, but some impecunious wretch who was soured by losses at Monte Carlo."

He looked at his watch. Half-past five. A good many-hours must pass before it would be possible to discover the existence or non-existence of Crafton and Cranberry, and the authenticity of the letter on the table there, where he had flung it, a most respectable-looking letter assuredly, if looks were anything to the purpose.

"Easy enough for him to get a lawyer's clerk to write on the firm's paper," he thought; yet it was a hazardous thing to be done by any clerk, unless a discarded servant.
"How did he know?" mused Hillersdon. "It was after midnight I told him my adventure at Nice, and this letter was delivered by the last post at ten o'clock.

"Not impossible, though, for Jermyn to have

"Not impossible, though, for Jermyn to have heard of the old trunks at the Nice Station from Gilbert Watson, Hillersdon's friend, who had seen the end of the adventure, and heard the old man clamoring for his umbrella. Watson was a man about town, and might have been in contact with Jermyn, who was a season celebrity, and went everywhere."

He threw himself dressed upon his bed, slept a troubled sleep in briefest intervals, and lay awake for the rest of the time between haifpast five and half past eight, when his servant—an elderly man and old retainer, who had married and outlived the rectory nurse—brought him his early cup of tea and prepared his bath. He was dressed and out of doors by half-past nine, and a hansom took him to Lincoln's In Fields before the stroke of ten.

The office was evidently just opened, a most

Lincoin's In : Fields before the stroke of ten.

The office was evidently just opened, a most respectable office. An elderly clerk showed Mr. Hillersdon into a handsome waiting-room, where the newly-cut newspapers were syste matically arranged upon a massive mahogany office table. Neither of the principals had arrived from their West End houses.

Gerard's impatience could not brook the delay.

"Do you know anything about this letter?"

be asked, showing the open document.

"I ought, sir, for it was I who wrote it," answered the gray-haired clerk.

"By way of a practical joke, I suppose," said Hillersdon grimly, "to oblige a facetious friend."

friend,"
"Messrs, Crafton and Cranberry do not deal "Messrs, Cration and Cranderry do not deal in practical jokes, sir," replied the clerk, with dignity. "I wrote that letter at Mr. Crafton's dictation, and if you are the Mr. Hillersdon there mentioned it really ought to be a very pleasant letter for you to receive."

"Very pleasant, if I could venture to take it seriously."

seriously."
"Why should you suspect a jest, sir, in so

"Why should you suspect a jest, sir, in so grave a matter, and coming to you from a firm of undoubted respectability?"

Hillersdon sighed impatiently, and passed his hand across his forehead with a troubled gesture. How did he know that this scene of the lawyer's office, the letter in his hand, the gray-haired, grave old clerk talking to him, were not part and parcel of some hypnotic vision, no more real than the figure of the girl at the sewing-machine which those same eyes of his had looked at last night. He stood, irresolute, incredulous, silent, while the old clerk deferentially awaited his pleasure. The outer door opened as he stood there, and the measured footsteps of dignified middle-age crossed the hall.

"Mr. Crafton," said the clerk. "He will be able to assure you that there has been no jesting, sir."

'Mr. Crafton entered, tall, broad, bulky,

able to assure you that there has been no jesting, sir."

"Mr. Crafton entered, tall, broad, bulky, imposing, faultlessly dressed for his role of man of the world, not unaccustomed to society, and trustworthy family lawyer.

"Mr. Hillersdon, sir." said the clerk. "He has been disposed to think that the letter from the firm was a practical joke."

"I am hardly surprised at your incredulity, Mr. Hillersdon," said the solicitor, in an unctuous and comfortable voice, calculated to reassure clients, under darkest circumstances. "That letter may well have taken your breath away. A romance of real life, isn't it? A young man does a plucky thing on the spur of the moment, thinks no more about it, and ever so many years after wakes up one morning to find himself—a very rich man," concluded Mr. Crafton, pulling himself up suddenly, as if he might have used a much bigger phrase. "Kindly step into my private room. You can bring us the copy of the will, Coxfield."

The clerk retired, and Mr. Crafton ushered his latest client into a large front office, as imposing as his own figure.

"Pray be seated, Mr. Hillersdon," waving his haud towards a spacious armchair. "Yes, the whole story comes within the regions of romance; yet it is not the first time in testamentary history that a large fortune has been left to a stranger as a reward for some service birely acknowledged when it was rendered. Our late client, Mr. Milford, was a very eccentric man. I'll warrant now he took very little trouble to show his gratitude when you had hazarded your life in his service."

"The only trouble he took was about his umbrella, which he was vociferously anxious to recover."

"So like him, dear old man. A character, we was a serve and a ser

to recover."
"So like him, dear old man. A character.

"So like him, dear old man. A character, my dear sir, a character. You wouldn't have given twenty shillings for the clothes he wore that day, I daresay—umbrella included."
"If clothes and umbrella had been on my premises, I would have given ten shillings to get them taken away."
"Precisely." "exclaimed the lawyer, with his

get them taken away."

"Precisely," exclaimed the lawyer, with his genial chuckle. "A very remarkable man. I doubt if he paid his tailor ten pounds a year or five. Yet a man of large benevolence, a man whose left hand knew not what his right hand gave. But now we have to come to the crucial question. Can you establish your identity with the Gerard Hillersdon whose name our late client took down from Mr. Gilbert Watson's dictation on the station at Nice."

"Very easily. I think. In the first place I

Nation of the station at Nice."

"Very easily, I think. In the first place, I doubt if there is any other Gerard Hileradon in the directory, as the name Gerard comes from my mother's side of the house, and was not in the Hilleradon family before I was christened. Secondly, my friend Watson is now in London, and will readily identify me as the man about whose name your client inquired when I had left the platform. Thirdly, it would be easy, were further evidence needed, to establish the fact that I was residing at the Hotel Mont Fleuri, Cannes, at that date, and that I went to Nice on the first day of the Carnival."

"I do not think there will be any difficulty as to indentity," Mr. Crafton replied, suavely.
"Your present address is the same as that which Mr. Watson gave our lamented client, and he further described you as the son of the rector of ——, Devon, a detail no doubt elicited by Mr. Milford's inquiry. Here is a copy of the will. You would like to hear It, perhaps."

As the clerk entered and laid the document

perhaps."
As the clerk entered and laid the document

before him.

"Very much."
Mr. Crafton read in a clear, distinct voice "Very much."

Mr. Craftou read in a clear, distinct voice and with great unction. The will was dated six months previously, and was made at Nice. It opened with a long list of legacies, to old servants, to the clerks in three banking houses, in London, Marseilles, Nice, to numerous charities, to Mr. Crafton and his partner, Mr. Cranberry. Hillersdon sat aghast as he heard thousands, and fives and tens of thousands, disposed of in this manner. To the Hospital for Children. Great Ormond street, ten thousand; five thousand to St. George's Hospital, a thousand each to ten orphanages, five thousand for an asylum for the blind. Would there be anything left for him after this lavish distribution? The passage in the will which concerned himself came at last, and was simple and brief, "Finally, I bequeath the residue of my estate, real and personal, in lands, houses, consols, bank stock, railway and other shares, together with the sole interest in the firm of Milford Brothers, bankers, of London, Marseilles, and Nice, to Gerard Hillersdon, youngest son of the Rev. George Hillersdon, rector of ——,

Devon, and I appoint him residuary legates, in recognition of his generosity and courage in saving my life at the hazard of his own, in the railway station in this place, on the 14th of February, 1879."

"It is a notic reward for an action to which I never attached the slightest importance," said Hillersdon, pale to the lips with suppressed emotion. "I saw a young man at Newton Abbot do almost as much to save a dog, which was running up and down the line, scared by the porters who shouted at him. That young man jumped down upon the metals and picted up the dog in front of the engine—somebody else's cur, not even his own property—and I — because in common humanity I plucked an old man from instant death—yes, it was a near shave, I know, and might have ended hadly for me—but it was only instinctive humanity, after all—and I am left a fortune—it is a fortune, I suppose?"

"Yes, Mr. Hillersdon, a large fortune—something over two millions."

Hillersdon broke down utterly at this point. He turned his face from the spectators, master and clerk, and fought hard with himself to keep back a burst of hysterical tears mixed with hysterical laughter.

"It is too ridiculous," he said, when he had

and clerk, and fought hard with himself to keep back a burst of hysterical tears mixed with hysterical laughter.

"It is too ridiculous," he said, when he had recovered his speech. "Yesterday I was in the depths of despair. It is real, isn't it?" he asked, piteously. "You are not fooling me—you are real men, you two, not shadows? This is not a hypnotic trance?"

He struck his hand on the table so hard as to produce severe pain.

"That is real, at any rate," he muttered. Solictor and clerk looked at each other, dubiously. They were afraid their news had been too sudden, and that it had turned this possible client's head.
"Advance me some money," asked Hillers.

too sudden, and that it had turned this possible client's head.

"Advance me some money," asked Hillersdon suddenly. "Come, Mr. Crafton, give me your cheque for a good round sum, and when I have cashed that cheque I shall begin to believe in Mr. Milford's will and in your good fatth. I am up to my eyes in debt, and it will be a new sensation to be able to pay the most pressing of my creditors."

Mr. Crafton had his cheque-book open and his pen dipped in the ink before this potential client had done speaking.

"How much would you like?" he asked.

"How much? Would five hundred be too large an advance?"

"A thousand. if you like."

"No, five hundred will do. You will act as my solicitors, I suppose—carry through this

"No, five hundred will do. You will act as my solicitors, I suppose—carry through this business for me. I am as ignorant of the law as the sheep who provide your parchment. I shall have to take out letters of administration, I suppose. I haven't the faintest notion what they are."

"We will make all that easy for you, if you have no family lawyer whom you would prefer

"I don't care a rap for our family lawyer. He has never done anything to endear himself to me. If you were good enough for Mr. Milford—my benefactor—you are good enough for me. And now I'll go and cash this cheque."
"Will you allow our messenger to do that for you?"

"Will you allow our messenger to do that for you?"
"Thanks, no. I like the sensation of a bank counter when I have money to receive. How will I have it? A hundred in tens, the rest in fifties. How I shall astonish my worthy landlord! Good day. Send for me when you want me to execute deeds, or sign documents."
He went out into the sunny pavement where the hansom was waiting for him; went out with a step so light he was scarcely conscious of the pavement under his feet. Even yet he could scarcely divest himself of the idea that he was the sport of dreams, or of some strange jugglery worked by the man with the lightblue eyes and the uncanny laugh.

Ha drove to the Union Bank, in Chancery

He drove to the Union Bank, in Chancery lane, cashed his cheque, and then drove about the West End, to tailor, hatter, hairdresser, hosier, paying fifties on account, or clearing up long standing debts. He had only a hundred and fifty left when he got back to his lodgings, and out of this he paid his landlord eighty. The residue was for pocket money. It was such a new sensation to have sa'isfied his creditors, that he felt as if he were made of air. He was convinced of the fact now. This thing was a reality. Fortune had turned her wheel—turned it so completely that he who had been at the bottom was now at the top. What would his own people think of this wonder that had befallen him? A millionaire! he, the thritiless son, who had until now been only a burden and a care to father and mother. He would not write. He would run down to Devonshire in a day or two, and tell them with his own lips.

And but for Justin Jermyn's interference he. He drove to the Union Bank, in Chancery

his own lips.

And but for Justin Jermyn's interference he And but for Justin Jermyn's interference he would have shot himself last night, and would have been lying stark and stiff this morning. Yet, no, the letter was there last night, at ten o'clock. Fortune had turned her wheel. The tidings of her bounty were waiting for him while he was fooling in the Fate-reader's room, the sport of a shallow trickster.

"And yet he seemed to know," thought Hillersdon; "he hinted at a change of fortune—he led me to talk of the old man at Nice."

He felt a sudden desire to see Jermyn, to tell him what had happened; to talk over his monstrous luck; to see what effect the news would have upon the Fate-reader. There were other people he wanted to see—most especially Edith Champion—but the desire to see Jermyn was the strongest of all. He got into a cab, and told the man to drive to Holborn.

He hadn't the remotest idea whereabouts in

He hadn't the remotest idea whereabouts in Holborn that old inn was situated, or whether in any adjacent thoroughfare. He dismissed his cab at Warwick Court, and went about on foot, in and out of dingy old gateways, and in all the "dusty purlieus of the law" as existent in the neighborhood of Holborn; but nowhere could he find gate-house, or semi-deserted inn in any wise resembling the place to which Jermyn had taken him last night.

After nearly two hours spent in this in effectual exploration he gave up the search, and drove to the West End, where, at a smart dilettante club of which he was a member, he hoped to hear Jermyn's address. It was teatime, and there were a good many men in the He hadn't the remotest idea whereabouts in

time, and there were a good many men in the reading-room and adjacent smoke-room, and among them several of Hillersdon's friends.

He sat down in the midst of a little knot of acquaintances, and ordered his tea at a table where he was welcomed with marked cordiality
-welcomed by men who knew not that they

where he was welcomed with marked cordiality—welcomed by men who knew not that they were welcoming a millionaire.

"You know everything that's going on, Hill," he said, to one of these; "so of course you know Jermyn, the Fate-reader?"

"Intimately. It was I who secured him for Lady Fridoline yesterday. He doesn't, as a rule, show himself at the common or garden party, but he went to oblige me."

"Will you te I me where he lives!"

"Nowhere; he is much too clever to put an address on his card, like a commonplace individual. He is to be heard of here, or at the Septem. He is a member of both clubs, though he rarely shows at either—but as to an address, a vulgar lodging-house address, like yours or mine! Pas ibete! If he put anything on his card it would be Styx, or Orcus."

"My dear fellow, I supped with him last night at his chambers."

"Then you know where they are?"

"That is exactly what I do not know. Jermyn insisted upon my going to supper with him last night after the opera. We walked from Covent Garden to his chambers. We were talking all the time, and except that wy passed through Queen street and Lincoln's Inn Fields, I haven't an idea as to what direction we took, or where the curious shabby old inn is situated."

Youth's frank laughter greeted this avowal.

Youth's frank laughter greeted this avowal. "Then all I can say, my dear Hillersdon, is that you were rather more on than a man generally is when he leaves the opera. You were very lucky to get out of Bow street."

"Would you be surprised to hear that I had taken nothing stronger than Salutaris at dinner, and nothing whatever after dinner? No. BARAVENA MILK FOOD For Infants and Young Children

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wine had nothing to do with my mental condition. Jermyn and I were talking. I was in a somiewhat dreamy mood, and allowed myself to be piloted without taking any notice of the way we went. I will own that when I left him at four o'clock this morning my head was not quite so clear, and London might be Bagdad for all I know of the streets and squares through which I made tracks for Piccadilly."

"So Jermyn entertains, does he?" exclaimed Roger Larose, the poet, journalist, critic, and elegant idler. "This must be inquired into. He has never entertained me. Was your drunkenness a pleasant intoxication? Was his wine irreproachable?"

"More; it was irresistible. He gave me some old Madeira that was like melted gold, and his champagne had the cool freshness of a wild rose, an aroma as delicate as the perfume of the flower."

champagne had the cool freshness of a wild rose, an aroma as delicate as the perfume of the flower."

"I believe he hypnotized you, and that there was nothing; or perhaps bread and cheese and porter," said Larose. "Where are you going and what are you going to do this afternoon? I've some Hurlingham tickets in my pocket. Shall we go and see the polo match, or shoot pigeons, and dine on the lawn?"

A thrill went through Hillersdon's heart at the thought that yesterday, had Lurose made such a proposition, he would have been obliged to decline, with whatever excuse he might invent on the spur of the moment. Yesterday the half guinea gate-money and the risk of being let in to pay for the whole dinner would have made Hurlingham forbidden ground. Today he was eager to taste the new joy of spending money without one agonizing scruple, one pang of remorse for extravagance that would hurt other people.

"I am going to call on some ladies," he said. "If you can give me a couple of ladies' tickets and one for myself, I will meet you in time for dinner."

"Do I know the ladies? Is Mrs. Champion

diner."
"Do I know the ladies? Is Mrs. Champion one of them?"
"Yes."

one of them?

"Yes."

"Delightful—a parti carte. It is going to be a piping hot night. We will dine on the lawn, hear the chimes at midnight stealing softly along the river from the great bell at Westminster. We will fancy we see fire flies and that Fulham is Tuscany—fancy ourselves in the Cascine Gardens, which are not half so pretty as Hurlingham or Barn Elms, when all said and done. Get along with you, Hillersdon, In spire of your debauch you are looking as happy as if you had just had a fortune left you."

you."
Gerard Hillersdon laughed somewhat hys-terically, and hurried cut of the club. He had not the courage to tell anyone what had hap-pened to him—not yet. That word hypnotism not the courage to tell anyone what had hap pened to him—not yet. That word hypnotism frightened him, even after this seemingly substantial evidence of his good luck. The lawyers office, the bank, the notes, and tradesmen's receip's, might not all be part and parcel of the same hypnotic trance. He pulled a bundle of receipted accounts out of his pocket. Yes, those were real, or as real as anything can be to a man who dares not be sure that he is not dreaming.

sure that he is not dreaming.

He drove to Hertford street. Mrs. Champion was at home, and alone. Her carriage was at the door ready to take her to the park. Mrs. Gresham was again engaged in the cause of the Anglican Orphans, serving tea and cake to the shilling ticket people on the second day of the bazar at the riding school, and was to be called for at six o'clock.

Mrs. Champion was sitting in a darkened drawing-room, in an atmosphere of tropical flowers, cressed in India muslin, looking deliciously reposeful and cool, after the glare of the streets. She looked up from her book with a little start of surprise at hearing Hillersdon's name.

a little start of surprise at hearing Hillersdon's name.

"I thought you were half way to Garmany by this time," she said, evidently not ill pleased at his return, as it were a bird fluttering back to the open door of his cage, "but perhaps you missed your train and are going to-morrow."

"No, Mrs. Champion, I changed my mind, and I am not going at all."

"How nice," she said sweetly, laying aside her book and prepared to be confidential. "Was it to please me you staved?"

He made up his mind that he must tell her. His mouth grew dry and hot at the very thought; but he could not keep the knowledge of his altered fate from this woman who had been, who was still, perhaps, the other half of his soul.

"For once in my life," he said, quietly, "or let me say for once since I first met you—your let me say for once since I first met you—your let me say for once since I first met you—your let me say for once since I first met you—your let me say for once since I first met you—your let me say for once since I first met you—your let me say for once since I first met you—your let me say for once since I first met you—your let me say for once since I first met you—your let me say for once since I first met you—has

"For once in my life," he said, quietly, "or let me say for once since I first met you—your wish was not my only law. Something has happened to me—to change my life altogether since yesterday."

"You are engaged to be married," she cried, rising suddenly out of her low, luxurious chair, straight as a dart, and deadly pale, "These things always end so. You have been loyal to me for years, and now you have grown weary, and you want a wife—Elsine instead of Guinevere—and you meant to run away to Germany and break the thing to me in a letter—and then you changed your mind and took courage to tell me with your own false lips."
This burst of passion—her white face and flashing eyes—were a revelation to him. He had been playing with fire all this time.

He was standing by her side in an instant, holding her ley hands, drawing her nearer to him.

"Elith Elith can you think so proving of

He was standing by her side in an instant, holding her icy hands, drawing her nearer to him.

"Elith, Elith, can you think so poorly of me? Engaged, when you know there is no other woman I care for—have ever cared for. Engaged, in a day, in an hour! Have I not given you my lite? What more could I do?"

"You are not. Oh, thank God. I could bear anything but that."

"And yet—and yet—you hold me at arm's length," he said fondly, with his lips near here. She was the snow figure again in a moment, standing before him in her matronly digni y, cold, proud, unapproachable.

"I was foolish to put myself in a passion,' she said, "and after all whenever you want to marry I shall have no right to hinder you. Only I should like to know your plans in good time, so that I may accustom myself to the idea. The horses have been at the door ever so long, and that hard-working Rosa will be waiting for me. Will you come for a drive round the park?"

"I shall be charmed; but I want you and Mrs. Gresbam to dine with me at Hurlingham. We can go on there when you have done your park."

"I don't care a straw for the park. Let us

we can go on there when your park."

"I don't care a straw for the park. Let us go straight to Hurlingham and see the polo. But I am so carelessly dreased; shall I do, do you think, or shall I put on a smarter gown!"

She stood up before him as in a cloud of muslin and lace, a gown so flowing and graceful in its draping over bust and hips, that it might have been water clothing a nymph at a fountain.

fountain.

'Your careless costume is simply adorable.
Only be sure and bring a warm wrap for we may be sitting late upon the lawn."
She touched a spring bril, and her maid

appeared with a white Gainsborough hat and a pair of long suede gloves. Wraps were sent for, the butler was informed that his mistress would not dine at home, and the barouche drove off with Garard on the front seat, opposice Mrs. Champion.

"What can have happened to change your life, if you are not going to be married?" she asked, as they turned into Piccadilly. "You quite mystify me. I hope it is nothing bad—no misfortune to any of your people?"

"No, it is something distinctly good. An eccentric old man, whom I was once so fortunate as to oblige, has left me the bulk of his fortune."

fortune."
'I congratulate you," she said; but there was a troubled look in her face that surprised

him. Surely she ought to have been glad.
"Does that mean that you are a rich man?" she asked.
"Yes, I am a rich man."
"How rich?"

"As rich as anybody need care to be. I am told that the fortune left me is something over

"As rich as anybody need care to be. I am told that the fortune left me is something over two millions."

"Two millions of francs?"

"Good heavens! Why Champion is a pauper compared with you. This is too absurd!"

"It does savor of the ridiculous, I admit," said Hillersdon, somewhat piqued by her manner of treating the subject. "Poverty was my metier no doubt. I was born to be a hangeron upon the great world, to taste its pleasures by the favor of other people, to visit in smart houses on sufferance, to live in a shabby lodging and find my warmest welcome at a club." "Two millions! "repeated E ith. "I am sure Frederick has not as much. Two millions! You will have to marry now, of course."

"Have to! Why should! be constrained to marry just when I have the means of enjoying a bachelor's life?"

"You will be made to marry, I tell you," she answered, impatiently. "You don't know what girls are—hardened worldly girls, in their third or fourth season—who want to secure a rich husband. You can't possibly estimate the influences that will be prought to bear upon you. All the single

what women are who have daughters to marry. You don't know what girls are—hardened worldly girls, in their third or fourth season—who want to secure a rich husband. You can't possibly estimate the influences that will be brought to bear upon you. All the single women in London will be at your feet."

"For the sake of my two millions. Are women so mercenary?"

"They are obliged to be," answered Edith Champion. "We live in aa age in which poverty is utterly intolerable. One must be rich or miserable. Do you think I would have consented to marry Mr. Champion, in spite of all the pressure my family put upon me, if I had been brave enough to bear poverty with you. No, to be well born means the necessity of wealth. One's birthright is to belong to the smart world, and there to be poor is to be a social martyr. I have often envied the women born at Camberwell or Islington, the women who go to the butchers to buy the dinner, and who wear cotton gloves."

"Yes, there is an independence in those lower depths. One can be poor and unashamed, if one belongs to the proletariat. But be assured, my dear Mrs. Champion, that I shall not fall a victim to a mance ivring mother or an enterprising young lady. I shall know how to enjoy wealth and freedom."

Edith sighed. Would not the independence of unlimited wealth tempt her slave to throw off the yoke? Could he ever be again—he the millionaire—what he had been to her? Would he be content to dance attendance upon her, to be at her beck and call, to be an inevitable guest at all her parties, to hand tea cups at her afternoons when he was perhaps the only man present, to fetch and carry for her, find her the newest books in French and German, taste them for her before she took the trouble to read them, keep her posted in the gossip of the clubs, so far as such go sip was fitting for a lady to know? For the last few years he had been her second self, had supplemented her intellect, and amused her leisure. But would he be content to play the satellite now that wealth would give him pow

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and the footman went in to look for Rosa Gresham, who came tripping out presently, airly dressed as befitted the summer solstice, and somewhat purple as to complexion.

"We are going to take you to dine at Hurlingham," said Eith.

"How awfully delicious. I am dead beat. The shilling people were too horrid, staring, and pushing, and squabbling for their right change, and stuffing cake in a truly revolting manner. I don't think our stall can have cleared its expenses. How well you are looking this afternoon, Mr. Hillersdon, and yesterday I thought you looked awful, so hollow under the eyes, so pale and haggard.

"I thought I was going away, to part company with all I cared for," said Gerard.

"And now you are not going?"

"No," Efith answered, with a laugh which was not altogether joyous. "He may well look different. Though form and feature are unchanged, he is a different man. Rosa, you are sitting opposite a millionaire."

"Heavens! Do you really mean it, or is it a joke?"

"I hope and believe that it is serious. I

I hope and believe that it is serious. I

"I hope and believe that it is serious. I have the assurance of a dry-as-dust solicitor that there is all this money in the world, and that it belongs to me. And I cannot even thank the man who gave it me, for the hand that gave it is in the dust."

"And to think that you never came to our bazaar, never gave a thought, in the midst of your prosperity, to the Anglican Orphans!" exclaimed Rosa.

(To be Continued.)

Geraldine's Failure.

"Bravo! bravo!"
There was vociferous applause with hands as

"Bravol bravo!"

There was vociferous applause with hands as well as voices.

"My dear, that girl is a born actress! How different private theatricals are nowadays! When I was a girl——Really—they will have her on again then!"

The curtains dividing the audience from the mimic stage were once more drawn a little apart, to admit a pretry girl, with dark, rippling hair, and sparkling eyes, who advanced to make her bow in recognition of the plaudits which rang through the room.

"Who is she!" asked a visitor.

"A Miss Geraldine Norton," was whispered back. "Hasn's any money; lives with an aunt who rather dislikes private theatricals. Might set her face against them utterly, only, luckily for the girl, she is engaged to a well-to-do young fellow—Sydney Ascot—else she'd have to be a governess."

"Is he here?"

"Oh, yes! Behind the acenes. Ha, ha, ha!"
Sydney Ascot was behind the scenes. Indeed, at the wings, with his back against the wall, his arms folded, he had witnessed, with the gravest of faces, the triumph of his betrothed, in The Belle's Stratagem."

"By Jove, Syd! doesn't she do it well?" exclaimed a friend, standing at his side. "Why, man, what a solemn countenance! Aren't you pleased?"

"Pleased?" was the response. "I wish to

man, what a solemn countenance! Aren't you pleased?"

"Pleased?" was the response. "I wish to Heaven they'd—they'd hiss her."

"By Jove! Why?"

"Because such applause is enough to turn a girl's head, and give her false notions. She'll believe she is a genius. All this will make her restless to achieve more public glories, and be discontented that she can't; while you know as well as I, Ted, what a vastly different affair is the real thing from the imitation. The successful amateur imagines he or she has but to step from the mimic to the real stage to score an equal victory, and, oh! the disappointment! Geraidine is too fond of acting as it is "Here she comes," remarked Ted Downes, who deemed it best to slip away round the wing.

who deemed it best to slip away found the wing.

"Jb, Syd, what did you think of me?" exclaimed his betrothed, dancing up to him. "Was it not delightful? And to know it's all over! Oh, if it were only very, every night! But you don't say what you thought of me?"

"I thought you excellent—for an amateur."

The girl's cheeks flushed a little deeper; a hurt expression settled on her features.

"You are not very enthusiastic, at any rate," she said, her lip curling. "You shall hear what the others are saying—that I'm born for an actress."

she said, her lip curling. "You shall hear what the others are saying—that I'm born for an actress."

"Their praise is very injudicious, my love, if it makes you think that your acting here would be accepted at once on the real stage. There would be a lot of hard work, of drilling, of heart-burning disappointment, my darling, before you could obtain even half a success in a second-rate part."

"Complimentary, certainly," she exclaimed, with a short laugh.

"There is a true saying," he smiled—"'Save me from my friends.' Their applause has sent many a young aspirant on the stage to supcruel disappointment. There, darling, you are very clever as an amateur. Be wise, and think mine the truest praise. Thank Heaven, little wife, you have not to experience the falseness of any other."

"If I were not going to marry you," she exclaimed, with a toss, "I would go on the stage to morrow. I love it—I adore it!"

"Because they applauded you," he smiled.

"Supposing they had hissed? People are hissed on the real stage, you know."

She flashed an angry glance at him from her dark eyes.

"I love acting better than anything," she

said, pointedly. "I don't believe what you say. I think you cruel, unjust to say it; and I begin to tancy we may not be as happy together as we thought. At any rate, we shall disagree on this point."

"Geraldine!"

"It's true, I love acting. Oh! I would so like to be an actress."

"Geraldine! Geraldine?" cried a young girl, running up. "Come here, dear; old Mrs. Hudson says she must be introduced to you. Every one's talking of your success."

Geraldine nodded triumphantly, and glanced back at her betrothed, as much as to say, "There, you see," as she hurrled off.

"She is one of the sweetest dearest of girls," reflected Sydney, as he slowly followed; "and they will spoil her. If they only knew what 'getting on the stage' means, they would be careful not to turn girls' or male idiots' heads by their folly. I will see Geraldine's aunt. Thank Heaven, I shall soon be my darling's guardian and protector."

Geraldine slept very little that night, being too excited with her success. Sydney Ascet slept, perhaps, not quite so much, for thinking of her.

The following afternoon, he carried out his intention of seeing Miss Frobshere, the aunt of

The following afternoon, he carried out his intention of seeing Miss Frobshere, the aunt of

The following afternoon, he carried out his intention of seeing Miss Frobshere, the aunt of his betrothed.

"My dear Sydney!" exclaimed the old lady, "the kirl's just lost her head about it. I wish all the private theatricals were at the bottom of the ses, that I do. If a girl, or a young man, is only praised enough by friends, they think they have but to step upon the real stage, to become at once a Charlotte Cushman or an Edwin Booth. There is no fever like the acting fever. Why," added the old lady, to Sydney's surprise, "I even caught the disease a little in my young days; only my parents, Heaven bless them, stamped it out."

"I don't mind private theatricals," put in Sydney, gravely; "save where it leads to false ideas, and—"

"My dear boy, you can't separate the one from the Oriers. Now there is a letter come from the Griggses to Geraldine, wanting her to play Polly Ecclesin Caste, and sincent a syllable can I get out of her. I tried by the most enticing subject. "My love." I said, "I was thinking about your trousseau." "Oh, aunt, "he interrupted, 'don't disturb me. I want to learn this part. The Griggses have given me such short notice." Here she is."

As she apoke, Geraldine came alowly into the room, through the conservatory. Her eyes were fixed upon one of Samuel French's little yellow play-books, her libs moved. Miss Frobshere shrugged her shoulders.

"Ah, Sydney!" exclaimed his betrothed, looking up, her eyes dancing, "I hope you don't want me to go out? I really must get this by heart. Oh, it's such a nice part—I wish you'd give me we muse."

neart. Oh, it's such a nice part—I wish you'd give me my cues."

"All right," he rejoined, taking the book.

"What a good fellow!" and she began.

"Wall, what do you think, ch?"

"Why, I've seen Ada Rehan—a born actress," he said, quietly; "and I must own you don't quite understand the character. Of course it may please your friends of last night—"

Geraldine snatched the book from his hand.

Geraldine snatched the book from his hand.

'If you cannot approve, you need not insult," she said, coldly, haughtily.

'He is right, Dine. What he says is for
your good," put in Miss Frobshere.

'My dear aunt, at present being dependent
upon you, you of course may say what you
please," replied Geraldine, as, with the stately
step of a Fanny Davenport, she quitted the
room.

room.
She did not appear again while Sydney was there. He went away down-hearted. That golden future, which he had regarded as so securely his, seemed vanishing in the dim distance.

The next morning, while he sat at breakfast, a hurried note reached him from Miss Frob-

shere.
"Come to me at once," it ran. "I am distracted, Geraldine has gone!"

tracted. Geraldine has gone!"
Gone!
For a few seconds he sat motionless, unable to realize the words. Then he sprang up, and was soon hastening to the villa. It was quite true. Geraldine had gone to bed early the previous evening, and next morning her aunt had waited breakfast for her half an hour; then had sent to her room, to find its occupant flown. In vain they searched—not a clew could they discover. They both guessed the truth, and the letter each received that afternoon confirmed it. Sydney's was to this effect:

"My Dearest,—I am, I feel, about to cause you great pain; but I cannot avoid it. I release you; I ask you to release me. We think so differently on some points, that I feel we should never be happy as man and wife. The fault would be mine—I own it. I am conscious of histrionic talents within me, which would be endless misery and regret, did I suppress them. I know you are of a different opin'on. One day you may have to acknowledge that my friends of last night were right, and you were wrong. In plain words, I am going on the stage, and I mean to be—if not an Ada Rehan, at least a success. There!—it must rest with you how we meet in the future; for I love you, and shall never love another so well, if ever agair. "Yours affections ely, "Geraldine."

"Is it to be, I wonder, adieu or au revoir?"
"I will find her," cried poor Sydney.
"Heaven help her! she knows not what she has done. Ignorant, trustiul, ambitious, she will become the dupe of every theatrical agent, every impostor—if not worse. How, too, will she live? She has no money—"
"Yes, she has,' put in Miss Frobshere.
"Her savings-bank book has gone. She has over a thousand dollars there—she'll draw it all out."

over a thousand dollars there—she is draw it as out."

"It will be enough for her to live on, thank God, until I find her!" ejaculated Sydney—"until we can persuade her to communicate with us."

But such a result did not arrive. No notice was taken of the advertisements he put in the papers nearly every day, imploring her, in mys'erious sentences, to make her whereabouts known—assuring her that all things should be as she wished, if she only would write.

abouts known—assuring her that all things should be as she wished, if she only would write.

"Perhaps she has succeeded; she really had talent," remarked Miss Frobshere, compassionating the suffering of her once prospecteneshes. "Frenhaps she has secured an engage ment, and gone on the road."

Sydney shook his head.

"If she has, she has paid her thousand dollars for it," he replied; "and, even then, I think she would be so delighted that in triumph she would write to let us know."

It was no good studying the columns of the dramatic papers to see if her aunt's forforn hope was correct, for, of course, Geraldine had changed her name. How was he to find her? Oh, if he could! She might go on the stage, she might do anything, if she would only lechim watch over and protect her as a husband. But six months passed away, and there was no word, no sign of Geraldine.

What might be happening to her? What privations, what suff-ring mig.t she not be enduring? He knew she would endure much before her pride would let her acquaint them with it.

Sydney Ascot, during these months, was never at rest. Night and day, when he knew

"There is a true saying," he smiled—"Save me from my friende." Their applause has sent many a young aspirant on the stage to sup cruel disappointment. There, darling, you are very clever as an amateur. Be wise, and think mine the truest praise. Thank Heaven, little wife, you have not to experience the falseness of any other."

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New York city, between three and six P. M.

"It's a last chance. I'll (ry," decided Sydney, At three he was at the house, when he was shown into a rather large, dingy room, with dark merino curtains over a recess window. The walls were liberally plastered with the photos of actors and actresses of the day. Theatrical papers were scattered on the table and floor.

photos of actors and actresses of the day. Theatrical papers were scattered on the table and floor.

Several applicants of both sexes were already there. Not the form he sought, and Sydney, having tipped the small boy who acted as usher to summon him last, stepped into the deep shadow of the curtains, sat down, and waited. Knock, knock! in they came, dupe after dupe, with hope and ambition or hopeless despair beating at each heart.

But no Geraldine!

It was drawing near six o'clock; only one applicant was now waiting beside himself—a young, showily dressed, much made-up young girl—when the door opened, and—she, Geraldine, entered.

At last! Sydney caught his breath, his brain whirled, he felt suff cating, then he recovered, and looked at her. Oh, Heaven, what a change! The face was still pretty, but so hale, so lined with anxiety, the cruel hope deferred that maketh the heart sick. She knew the other, for the latter spoke:

"Got no chance yet, my dear, ch?"

"No," replied Geraldine, listlessly, sitting down. "I've come here to try; but it's the old thing, of course—a fee, and promises never realized!"

"You'd best follow my advice. Take to opera bouff". You are pretty, with a good figure. You'll get engaged for that, just to stand on in a crowd. It keeps off starvation. Then, in time, you may be intrusted with a line or two to speak."

Sydney say the hot blood leap to his darling's cheek,

"No," she said. "Never that! I'll starve

cheek.
"No," she said. "Never that! I'll starve

"No," she said.
first!"
"That's just what I fear you will do, my dear," remarked the actress, as, summoned by the boy, she left the room.
As the door closed, believing she was alone, Geraldine dropped her head on the table with a mean.

a moan.
"If this fails me," she almost sobbed, "what shal! I do?" oh, what shall I do?"
"Re:urn to me, to your right home in my heart, my darling, my love. Oh, Heaven is merciful to me, for, at last, I have found you, Geraldine!"

He had advanced. His arms were extended,

nis countenance convulsed with emotion.
Geraldine had sprung up, then recoiled.
"Sydney! You!" she ejaculated. Then,
'No, no! I never can return—never!" and

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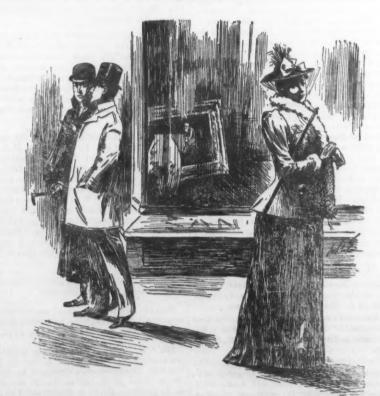
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Barker—She didn't return your bow, did she Parker—No. The next time I meet her I will explain to her the reason I was with yer. Munsey's Weekly.

she bowed her face in humiliation, in shame, upon her hands.

"Geraldine, from the hour you disappeared, I have been seeking you," he said. "My love has increased at every failure. Will you not give me some recompense for my devotion? Will you never forgive?"

"I—forgive you! Oh, I was mad—mad!" she murmured, lifting her wan face.

But already his arms had encircled her, and after one effort at release her courage failed, and, werping, she sank upon his bosom, aware that at the darkest hour the sun had again risen in her life.

One of the prettiest and most contented wives is Mrs. Sydney Ascot, also one of the cleverest amateur actresses in her set. She is always ready to take a part, and her husband is always interested in her success.

Once a pleased spectator remarked that she was an actress lost to the stage.

She gave a little laugh to conceal a shudder, as she replied, that "she had no ambition that way, indeed. Oh, dear, no."

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fletion are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. F. H., by May Crommelm and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by bookstellars everywhere. sellers everywhere.

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Last of the Mohicans.

Last of the Mohicans.

"Ugh!" grunted the uncor querable red man, turning his eagle eye unflinchingly toward the distant bivouac of the foe, whose camp fires he could see distinctly from the lone hillock on which he stood. "Does the pale-face think he can crush the proud spirit of a descendant of Kicking Steer and Blood-on-the Moon! Ha! By the bones of my ancestors, never! This trusty tomahawk shall bury itself in his brain and this Arkansaw toothpick shall lift his beastly scalp. That's the kind of Buffalo Bill

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O

I am!" So saying, the fiery, untamed son of the plains, brave Never-Washes-His-Face, gave one last look at the setting sun, took three fingers of fire water from his plnt flask, strode with reluctant step down the slope to his own camp, and gloomily kicked his oldest equamout of the tepes.— Chicago Tribune.

The custom tailoring business carried on by the firm of R Walker & Sons in the city for nearl' sixty years has steadily kept pace with the times, and stands to day without a rival when economy as well as fitting and stylish finish are considered. The selection of goods is probably the largest in the city, and the cutting steff are divided into English and American systems, and all garments are quaranteed. can systems, and all garments are guaranteed satisfactory. Their terms are strictly cash, so that their prices are uniformly lower than the trade generally. She their advertisement on page 12.

About Hearts.

Hearts shaped is the correct thing now-adays, for everything from a jewelled locket to a lump of wax for meh lady's sewing basket. You may have a large ornamental heart on your wall, you may wear a heart on your finger or vour neck, (never upon your sleeves) You may give a heart dinner at which all the appointments from the cards to the ices are hearts, but, oh do not if you would be a worthy scion of the new school, wear a real heart in your breast, lest you be ill bred or vulgah.—

Louise Markscheffel in Toledo Journal.

Mrs. John McLean writes from Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1889, as follows: "I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for the last nine years, but, being advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, can now heartily endorse it as being a most excellent remedy for this complaint, as I have been greatly benefited by its use."

How She was Cured.

Mamie—Oh, George, I feel so faint! What is good for fainting spells, George? George (excitedly)—Now you've got me! Mamie—Oh, I am so glad to hear you say so, dear George! I feel better already.—Puck.

He Knew.

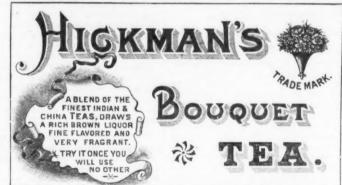
A Parisian wit once defined experience as a comb that one became possessed of after having lost one's hair.

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I had been troubled, for years, with scalp disease, and my hair was weak and thin. The use of five bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor cured my scalp, and gave me a luxuriant head of soft, black hair.—Mrs. E. H. Foster, Lynn, Mass.

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Greczville, Tenn.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

BOMUND E, SHEPPARD

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Music.

The first concert of the fifth season of the Torrington Orchestra was given at the Pavilion on Monday evening last. A large audience was in attendance, among whom were observ able many friends of the University, in aid of whose Library fund this and a following concert are given. The audience was warm and enthusiastic in its applause, no less than five recalls and repetitions being elicited in a programme of eleven numbers. The selection of pieces was eminently a popular one, though as a matter of construction, some people might wonder at three overtures being placed on one programme, while only one movement of a symphony was given. It should be remem bered, however, that to play a symphony properly, means to rehearse it with a greater amount of care and frequency than the conditions of orchestral work in Toronto seem to allow. In New York and Boston, where there are splendid orchestras, continuous rehearsal is given to pieces of this description. Yet here, where the instrumentalists are hardly up to the standard of excellence in the orchestras alluded to, there are players who think they do well if they attend one or two rehearsals, and some come in on the evening of the concert, without any preparation.

Such a procedure cannot fail to have its effect on the quality of the performance, and when all these difficulties are considered it is quite wonderful that the performance of Monday evening should have been as excellent as it was. Mr. Torrington had his forces surprisingly well in hand, and secured, first of all, excellent rythmic precision and very firm attacks. The intonation of the orchestra was very good indeed, the wind especially being rich and mellow. One exception was when Mr. Clarke was playing his cornet solo, when the other cornet insisted upon having a pitch altogether his very own, which was agonizing in its divergence from that of the orchestra. The strings were very good in quality and intonation, especially in the early part of the evening. the room became warmer the heat affected the strings and the tone was not so pure.

A splendid rendering was given of Suppe's overture Morn, Noon and Night, brilliant and scintillating in character, and Massenet's Phedre overture was most interesting. It is a fine, massive work, very richly scored, and with tragic and portentous phrases. Its playing by the orchestra was an unqualified pleas ure to the audience, though the critic would have wished for greater contrasts of light and The Oberon overture was with a surprising amount of grace and ideality. though the faster movement was taken at so great a pace as to somewhat obscure its beauties. The Beethoven Larghetto was not as clear in its phrasing as it should have been, but its successor, Gillet's exquisite little Loin du Bal, made up for any shortcomings. It was played with great delicacy and softness and that bete-noir, false intonation, was cleverly avoided. I did not like the arrangement of Vieuxtemps' Reverle, a sort of musical curiosity well adapted for a beer garden or music but hardly for a serious concert. noble theme was vulgarized by the treatment of the arranger, especially in unisons. Mrs. Torrance's tuneful waltz and the Valse Symphonique of Strauss were pleasant foils to the heavier pieces on the programme.

Of the vocalists, Frau Dunbar-Morawetz gave an excellent and artistic rendition of the aria from Don Carlos, O Don Fatale. She has a very rich, vibrating and sympathetic voice, and uses it with great skill. Her excellent performance secured for her a choice bouquet of roses. Mr. Douglas Bird sang for the first time in my hearing, and I was delighted with the freedom and flow of his tone, and with his distinct enunciation. His voice is light, but very agreeable in quality and absolutely truthful in intonation. Further study, producing greater breadth of tone, more attention to phrasing and expression, should make Mr. Bird a tenor with most favorable prospects for a fortune. He sang I Am Waiting, and Then You'll Remember Me, and took part in the duett, A Night in Venice, with Mrs. J. C. Smith. The lady's voice showed a commendable fulness of tone, and the duett had to be repeated. Miss Florence Clarke played the first movement of Beethoven's C Minor Concerto, including the Reinicke Cadenza. She has a good clear tone, and distinct and facile execution, although the movement was taken a trifle slowly. She displayed a very musicianly conception of the piece and was well received. Mr. H. L. Clarke's cornet solo received, as do all this gentleman's efforts, a hearty encore. Mr. B. L. Faeder did good work as leader of the orchestra.

There is in New York a society calling itself the MSS. Society of American Composers, limited to one hundred members. Applicants for membership must show good, unpublished work to be eligible. Mr. Clarence Lucas formerly of this city and now of the Utica, N. Y. Conservatory of Music, has been elected a member. His MSS. were: An eight-part chorale, a fugued chorus, a scherzo for piano and orchestra, a larghetto for violin and orchestra, and a rhapsody for orchestra. Mr. Lucas is now engaged in scoring a symphony in C minor.

the fort in New York, German opera is doomed at the Metropolitan Opera House in that city, and after this season only Italian and French works will be heard. This means, of course, the exclusion of Wagner, and a revival of the old operas, with the introduction of many of the works that have won recognition in late

Last week I mentioned Miss Louise Singleton of Port Hope as being a clever young pianist. On Wednesday of this week I received an invitation from her father, Mr. Thomas Singleton, to meet the young lady at Messrs, Nordheimer's with some other press men and hear her play. I gladly accepted, and found a bright, brainy looking child, very modest, yet self-possessed in demeanor, with an air of business and business only about her. She is only eleven years old, yet she played us a selection of standard piano pieces in a manner that hosts of her elders might have envied. She has a powerful touch, round and full in tone quality, and her execution, if not rapid, is yet distinct and clear, her scales and runs being beautifully even and pearly. The quality of distinctness was especially evident in her playing of Chopin's Fantaisie Impromptu. Her playing is rich in expression and artistic feeling, notably in Moszkowski's Serenata. She showed brilliancy of effect in the Semiramide Overture, and gave very pleasing renditions of Scharwenka's Polish Dance. She is now engaged on a study of Li-zt's Rigoletto Fantaisie. Miss Louise is a child with a promising future before her, and won the admiration of those who heard her on Wednesday.

The Toronto correspondent of the American Musician in speaking of the concert of the Haslam Vocal Society, impugns the artistic appreciation of our Toronto audience in the following manner: "The Violin solos of Prof. Mitchell, while well executed, were decidedly too classical to be thoroughly appreciated by a majority of the audience." I have heard of some talk of this kind, and feel inclined to take up the cudgels on behalf of our audiences. whose intelligence and brilliancy I have heard spoken of with surprise and admiration by artists of all ranks from Patti and Albani down. The subscription list of the Haslam Vocal Society, some three hundred and thirty in number, represented about a thousand of the thirteen hundred people in the Pavilion on the occasion in question, and I believe the list is a representative one of the fashion and culture of the city. That Mr. Mitchell's solos were not appreciated was not due to the fact of his playing over the heads of his audience, but to other causes quite apparent to those who attended the concert.

The Choral Society is crossing a stream and s swapping horses while so doing, to accept a homely illustration which originated with the late President Lincolr. Owing to the severe illness of Mr. Edward Fisher, which has prevented him from conducting the rehearsals of he society, he has felt himself forced to resign the directorship. The committee is an energetic one, and is not daunted by this untoward state of affairs. It is now negotiating, or about to do so, with Signor D'Auria, with a view to securing his services as director. I hope that the society will continue its work, in spite of the depressing influence of the withdrawal of its favorite preceptor, and I fancy that the public spirit which has animated the committee in former years will enable its members to make satisfactory arrangements for a ccessful continuance of the society's season.

The Philharmonic Society has concluded to give its two concerts on consecutive evenings in April, when Massenet's Eve and Mendelssohn's Elijah will be sung, with the great Santley in both performances. This will be an event of rare significance in our musical history, and is highly creditable to the enterprise of the society.

The Harmony Club has completed the organization of its executive committee, which is composed of the following gentlemen in addition to its officers: Messrs. F. Beardmore, R. Cowan, A. S. Foy, P. Hodgins, J. A. Macdonald, George S. Michie and E. C. Rutherford. The selection of a conductor and of an opera to be performed will be taken up forthwith.

The Toronto Vocal Society's concert anlate for notice in this issue, but will a attention next week.

I have received a copy of Presto, a musical ournal published in Chicago, and quite characteristic of the energy of that city. Its editorial and selected matter show good judgment, and a generous space is devoted to trade matters.

Next week's events comprise the annual concert of the Caledonian Society on Tuesday evening, and those of the Sons of England at the Pavilion, and of the Toronto Vocal Society at the West End Y. M. C. A. on Thursday.

The Orpheus Male Quartette has assumed its old-time organization, and now consists of Messrs, Taylor, Lye, Warrington and Schuch. METRONOME.

The Drama.

This appears to be the winter of our discon tent as far as dramatic affairs are concerned. We have this week another trio of spectacular melodramas at the three local theatres. Considered as melodramas the three of them have many points of excellence. The agony is piled up good and high and anyone who can leave his ideas of reality and probability at home and will allow himself to be tossed on wild waves of exaggerated emotion-heart rending groans, deluges of tears, inhuman brutality, storms of anguish, preternatural heroism, sub-lime trust and angelic faith, can be thrilled and rethrilled at anyone of these plays. This class of play is constructed to appeal to people who do not know enough, or who do not care, to go beneath the surface to hunt for motives or to find the springs of action. As this class is largely in the majority it follows that scarcely any play has a longer or more profitable existence than a successful melodrama. All that is required is sufficient thrill-plenty of exciting encounters. Thrill's

oppresses the breath, fixes the eyes, opens the | tional English life to-day-to the creation of outh and fairly lifts one out of his seat. What fun the players of melodrama must sometimes have with their audiences when the curtain falls after a desperate encounter! It must be tough on their self-respect, how-

Wilson Barrett and Hall Caine's Good Old

Times, played at the Grand this week, is a typical English melodrams. It is another Lights o' London. It has a vigorous unreality that is admirable in its way. With a highhanded English assurance it seems to say You may think this is all wrong, but it isn't. It is all right, because I say it is all right and therefore it cannot be wrong." Then you are stunned by its audacity and before you know it, you are halfinclined to believe that it is all right But it is not. Judged from a box office standpoint, as a hurly burly to attract the multitude and put shekels in the manager's pockets it may be all right. Drama judged from this stand point alone must soon end in suicide. To keep above earth any institution, it has to be founded on something more substantial than the greed of gain. But judged as a genuine dramatic production it is all wrong. This is apparent to anyone who attempts to analyze such a play as the one in question. It may be said that no one claims they are legitimate dramatic productions and should not be judged as such. It may also be said that often to the assurance of the advance representative there is no end. I believe that one of these shows playing here this week had the audacity to announce that "Notwithstandng, etc., there will be no advance in prices. The facts of the case are that every one of these melodramas is claimed to be far and away above its real merits. But let us return to the Good Old Times. This is a good melodrama. It involves a case of unrequited love, of passignate jealousy and a murder or two in England. Then the scene of operations is trans ferred to Botany Bay and the pains and humiliations of the convict life are worked in with good effect. The jealousies begun in England are carried half way around the globe. So is the devotion of two wives. Then there are hair-breadth escapes, treachery, wonderful craft, heroic defence and a happy ending. These are presented in a setting of realistic scenery that, like the play, is a trifle highly colored, but adds immensely to the interest of the piece. The management and arrangement of scenery are very well done and a number of novel and charming effects are produced. Messrs. Atkins Lawrence and John Glendinning take the leading parts of chief hero and chief villain respectively very successfully. Mr. Norman Campbell is very funny as Spot, an Aboriginal, and Mr. Alf. Fisher makes a capital Cockney. Mr. Fred C. Brooks gives promise of good work and his fiddling was well

Mr. William Redmund, in a drama called Cuchillo, made his debut before a Toronto audience at the Academy on Monday to a bumper house. Mr. Redmund has been acting for a long time on the other side of the border. He takes the title role, besides having through dramatic necessity to portray the character of Eugene Kandos of New York. The scene is first placed at Buenos Ayres, South America. and after the first act is shifted to the Kandos residence in New York City. Eugene Kandos, by his very dissipated life, reduces the family circumstances greatly, and finally forsakes his wife and daughter. The wife, Par quita Kandos as a prima donna, wins her way independently to affluence and a splendid home, where her husband appears in a drunken state and debilitated condition and claims the right of a husband's position. A quarrel ensue here as the wife will not receive her unfaithful lord, and in the course of it he stabs her, though not mortally. Cuchillo, a guest at the time, and Clermont, a roue and gambler, pursue him, and having caught him Clermont kills him while he is in conflict with Cuchillo. Clermont then suggests to Cuchillo to make use of his strong resemblance to Kandos, and claim the Kandos estate. Cuchillo, being a man of principle, at first cannot entertain such an idea, but shortly consents. Cuchillo takes possession of the property, marries, and keeps Annetta, the daughter of Kandos, as his own in stronger support of his claim. The apparels nounced for Thursday evening takes place too of Cuchillo and Kandos had been exchanged so that through their strong physical resem blance it would appear that Kandos was still alive. Mrs. Kandos, Parquita, who during the lapse of two years had been hunting evidence against Kandos, finally appears at the estate and thinks in Cuchillo she sees Kandos. Cuchillo through the pains of remorse in the midst of happy domestic relations is driven to the verge of suicide, but suddenly resolves to bear it like a man for his wife's sake. The securing of a lost marriage certificate, which proves him a half-brother of Kandos, suddenly turns the tide and ends all in happiness Mr. Redmund fills the leading position success fully, and is very well supported by Mrs. Thomas Barry as Madame Parquita, Mr. Charles E. Bunnell as Cleremont and Miss Clara Swartz. The scenery is very fair.

James H. Wallick, one of the favorites at Jacobs & Sparrow's is playing at that house this week in The Cattle King and The Mountain King. Mr. Wallick's style of play and style of playing are well-known here as The Cattle King has been presented in Toronto several times before. The dancing and singing of Mr. Charles Crosby relieves the intensity of the playing. The support is fair,

DRAMATIC NOTES. Madame Bernhardt is under contract to appear at the Garden Theatre, New York, on February 2. She will open in La Tosca,

A few weeks ago there were no less than four pantomimis of The Babes in the Wood being performed in London. The woods were full of

Henry Arthur Jones, in a public speech the other day, said; "Either you can guide us to fashion plays for you that will make audience and author alike the contempt of whatever calm, artistic judgment shall in future be brought to bear upon them; or you can lead us to the embodiment and portrayal of all that is fter many years of triumphantly holding the thing-thrill, that grips hold of one, of permanent and distinctive value in our na.

living works of stage art which shall be held in loving remembrance when you and I shall have passed away."

Madama Modiesks, who is spending the Winter in Europe, has been playing an engagement in Posen, where she drew crowded houses for a month. Posen is virtually a Polish city, and the enthusiastic people came for miles around to see her performance. Entertainments of all kinds were offered ber dinners, receptions, drives, until the fair artist was finally compelled to decline further invita tions from sheer exhaustion. At her last ap pearance she was presented with a large wreath of the rarest flowers, tied with the national colors. The speech that accompanied it was of the most eulogistic character, and expressed the desire for her speedy return. Madame Mojeska has arranged to tour in America next

The enterprise of the British advertiser creaks out in many forms as is evidenced by the following: "This curious advertisement recently appeared in several of the big London Wanted, eight bald-headed men to dailies: eccupy eight adjoining seats in row three of Drury Lane stalls on the first night of the Christmas pantomime. Each applicant will be furnished with a new dress suit, a boutonniere. will receive cab fares and a supper at midnight. Apply, etc.' Manager Harris, not having any unusual ballet on the night in question, looked into the matter and discovered that the proprietor of an enterprising weekly wished to paint on bald heads Nos. 1, 3, and 7 the letter I, on bald head 8 the letter S, on bald head 5 the letter B, and on bald head 4 a hyphen, so that the back rows, boxes, circles and pit would read the name of the paper, Tit-Bits. Harris offered to put the baldsters in the harlequinade with their backs to the audience, but refused to let his stalls for advertising purposes.

Joseph Jefferson told Frank Carpenter, the correspondent, says the Mirror, that he wrote the Autobiography practically without notes. "I have never kept a diary," he said. "I am fortunate in having a good memory; I wrote the entire book from that. I began it about three years ago, and wrote by fits and starts as the humor seized me. It was curlous the way my mind worked. I would awake in the middle of the night from a sound sleep for no reason that I could see, and would think of some of my past experiences. If I went to sleep again I would find in the morning that I knew that I had remembered something during the night which I intended to record when I got up, but I could not think what that something was. After this I had a pencil and notebook by my bedside, and at such times as I awoke and thought of the matter I would rise and write out the material. In preparing the book finally I found these memoranda of great value, and that in most cases the first records were better than anything I could write." Mr. Jefferson added that he did not see why an actor should not have a natural bent toward literature and why he should not write fluently and well. His whole life is made up of the interpretation of literature he has to appreciate all the phases of thought and expression, and his whole life is, to a certain extent, a time of education.

'Varsity Chat.

Peculiar are the opinions which many people entertain regarding students. They imagine that most of the boys have a "high time," and indeed a few of the burners of the midnight oil, no matter how staid or austere they may be, delight in inculcating the idea that but few of their hours are devoted to study, as they are always bent on enjoyment. They pretend to have an admiration for the "corp'rl" in the story of Pretty Annie when he says, "Eyah! They was great times. I'm ould now; my hide's wore off in patches, sinthry go has disconceited me, and I'm a married man tu. But I've had my day, and nothin' can take away the taste av that! Oh, my time past whin I put me foot through ivery livin' wan av the Tin Commandments between Revilly and Lights Out, blew the froth off a pewter, wiped me mustache wid the back av me hand an' slept on ut all as quiet as a little child!" are no "corp'rls" at the 'Varsity. As soon as a student reaches the college he is under the strong influence of a organized Temperance Society, Young Men's Christian Association and kindred organizations. In fact, so strong is this influence that a man who tries to put his foot through the Ten Commandments is sure to meet with invulnerable opposition.

As we students examine the list of gentlemen appointed as examiners and associate examiners for the High School leaving and University Matriculation examination, we are of the opinion that old 'Varsity's interests are safe. Her sons have the controlling power on the board, and why should they not? The country surely has faith in her own highest seat of learning.

The Law of Mortality, such was the subject of a lecture by Mr. F. Sanderson, M.A. ('87), before the meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society this week. Poets may write that science moves but slowly on from point to point, but the points accumulate rapidly and new sciences arise. Who would have thought that our mathematical men would ever sit down and calmly calculate the probability of the duration of life? What satisfaction it would be for some of the freshmen to know what the probabilities are that they will live long enough to graduate.

Mr. G. R. Faskin, B.A., '90 is teaching in Owen Sound Collegiate Institute.

Rev. Dr. Nevina, who spent some time as a missionary in North China, addressed meetings of the students during the past few days.

Mr. J. H. Brown presided at the meeting of the freshmen in the Y. M. C. A. Hall on Tuesday last. Speeches were delivered by Messrs, W. H. Pease, R. H. Glover, W. P. Reeve and G. L. Lambe. Mr. C. A. Stuart acted as judge and Mr. J. Griffith as critic. Music was furnished by Miss De Beauregard, Miss Withrow and Miss Topping. Miss Durand, the class poet, obtained many facts for a future epic.

DRAX ALEEN. What Spoiled It

For Saturday Night. O.ly a rumor sixly entwined With a lying story a friend had told— Those cursed friends whose art cou'd find A flaw in a nugget of parest gold.

> Only a glance from a woman's eye, One of those glances that sting and lash; Only a drawling cold reply
> From the sneering curl of a long mustache

She had a spirit that naught could break. He had a tongue that could wound and kill, And each of them made a sad mistake There, at the bottom of life's long hill

Had she but tried a more generous plan The idler's lie had been fairly met. For he was only a hasty man, Given to sneer, to forgive and forhet. She would have filled his lonely life

And he would have worshipped a noble wife And seen the world in a kindher light. For his sneering manner was after all But a foil for a sensitive lonely pride, And the tongue that spoke as the dipt in gall Loved best in a velvet sheath to hide.

And helped him climb the loftiest height,

And her look, it was only a woman's look, Madd'ning-but only one wink from tears, For her heart was as true as the Sacred Book. As he might have learned, in after years.

But the glance struck home and the words were said Now pride fights bravely for tongue and eye, The years roll on and find neither wed And the tattlers gossip and wonder why.

" I told you so" picks up her work And runs to chatter with " Pass it on," And their needles click as they smile and smirk O'er two poor characters lost and gone.

A little drama we all have seen-Where tongues do mischief, which time ne'er m Till friendships seem but a hideous dream— God save us all from our dearest friends!

A Skating Song.

Hurrah for the wind that is keen and chill, As it skirts the meadow and sweeps the hill ! Hurrah for the pulses of swift delight That tingle and beat in the winter's night, When over the crystal lake we glide, Flying like birds o'er the frezen tide

Hurrah for the lad with the sparkling eye, For the joyous laugh and the courage high! Hurrah for the health that is glad and strong. So that life is gay as a merry song. For the motion fearless, smooth and fleet. When skates are wings to the flying feet !

Hurrah for the land scape broad and fair Spread boldly out in the brilliant air ! Hurrah for the folds of the sheeted snow ntains high, in the valleys lo Hurrah for the track where the skaters glide, Fearless as over a highway tried !

Hurrah for the girls who skate so well-Dorothy, Winifred, Kate and Nell ! Hurrah for the race we're bound to win. And the curves and figures we mean to spin! Hurrah for the joy that wirgs our feet, When, like dancers gay, we pass and meet !

Who chooses may boast of the summer time Hurrah, we cry, for the frost and rime, For the icicles pendant from roof and caves, For snow that covers the next year's sheaves! Hurrab for the gleaming, glassy lake Where the skaters bold their pleasure take! MARGARET SANGETAR.

Mabel.

'Tis winter. Now no longer; Can Mabel, ravest ma'd, Perched on the lofty grand stand, Her baseball lore parade, And when the home club chance To win the bleachers' shout, Call, in her rich contraito. George, are the umpires out?"

No. But at hop and party Gleams, as a star, her mind There, when she sits at euchre ches galore i find. She, for whose love in rapture Hearts by the dozen the Asks, holding out the joker, "Say, is this thing the trump?"

Then, when the Prince of Denmark. Thrills to the core each heart, Or, when the chords of Wagner Lead us from earth apart, When, from impassioned poet Breathless each word we wait. "Say," says this modern Heler 'George, is my hat on straight?"

The Heart of a Man.

The heart of a man, it is a toy, A well of life and rest, A furnace flerce, a pitfall deep; Of all things dear, the best

A trap, a hedge, a fruitful field, A spring, an open sea,
A midnight black, a radiant day, A slave, and yet too free.

A doorway into Heaven. The gate of hell, ay, hell itself, When love is not its leaven.

A page, a book, a library, A faint and fading line,
A note discordant, harsh, and dread, A symphony divine.

A query sharp, an answe: deep, An echo, yet a voice, The source of woman's bitterness, The chalice of her joys.

-Matilda Fletcher in Cleveland Leader.

Good-night, Sweetheart.

Good-night, sweetheart, good-night, sweetheart."
The words rang out while hot tears start, And little hands, so fair to see, Are tenderly stretched out to me; Yes coldly from them I depart— Good-night sweetheart, good-night, sweethear

Good-night-ah, such a night !- I knew The sweet lips yearned for kisses too-Asking no other earthly bliss Than just one fond, forgiving kins One kiss-and as my steps depart, Unanswered words-"good-night, sweetheart."

Ah, dear ! if we could only know The gentle hearts that love us so, The angry words that give you pain, We'd let you kies them back again.

I answer now, while hot tears stark,
Good night, sweetheart, good-night, sweetheart!"

Noted People.

'Mrs. John Sherwood has finished a new book on society.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford, having been pulled down by overwork, has gone to Tiflis, Asiatic Russia-a city noted for its hot baths-to recuperate.

During the illness of the late Emperor Frederick, it became so much the fashion to consult Dr. Morell Mackenzie that his professional income rose to an average of twelve hundred collars a day.

Mary E. Williams, who is one of the coming novelists, is a young woman of thirty. She is unmarried, short in stature and a blonde. Her face is bright, her manner vivacious and her modesty notable.

During the present century, three girl queens have, before the advent of Queen Wilhelmina, almost simultaneously ascended the throne of a European nation : Maria da Gloria of Portugal, Isabella of Spain, and Victoria of England.

Mr. Parnell has had an offer from Mesers Thompson, Gaylor and Deprees of seventy-five thousand dollars for one hundred lectures in America. They offered to deposit twenty-five thousand dollars, but it is said that Mr. Parnell

J. Gould's daily income is said to be about \$7,500. But this is rather small compared to Rockefeller, who is supposed to receive \$18,000 daily, or Astor, who gets \$23,000 daily, or even Cornelius Vanderbilt, who has to get along with \$15,000 every twenty-four hours.

A new departure in woman's work has been made by the Misses Searle and Gorton of Chicago, who have organized a publishing firm. Both ladies are young, and one has had some experience as a newspaper writer, while the other has done much illustrating.

Richard Harding Davis, who is to be assoclated with George William Curtis in the editorship of Harper's Weekly, is only twentysix years of age. He is the son of the well known journalist, Mr. L. Clarke Davis of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis.

A direct descendant of Joan Hart, Shakespeare's sister, has recently died in England. She was a Mrs. Fletcher, and pursued gun making as a trade. In this business she was extremely successful. Her chief pride was that she was the possessor of Shakespeare's jug and stick.

Henry Johnson, a slave with a history, who was set free by his master, Mr. Foxall, and who waited upon Clay, Webster, Calhoun and other great men, and who is said to have come in contact with every president save Washington, is living in poverty at the age of ninety years in Washington.

The writer, who has been dear to children's hearts for many years under the pseudonym of A. L. O. E. (A Lady of England), and whose real name is Miss Tucker, is a busy worker among the zenanas of northern India. She is said to be a charming old lady, and to be devoted to her mission work.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, the magazine writer, is the daughter of a country dcctor. She was born and brought up on the sea coast of Massachusetts, and the impressions of her childhood, obtained by contact with seafaring persons, are the great store-house from which she draws her stories. She is not exactly a pretty woman, but her manner is most attractive, and Boston worships her.

Duke Charles of Bavaria and his noble wife spend the greater part of their time in caring for the sick and distressed. Both are thoroughly trained oculists, and the duke has established, at his own expense, a large hospital in Bayaria, in which the eye department is open to all poor patients, without charge. The duchess is his most valuable assistant and takes part in the skilful operations, for which he is so famous. She also visits patients at their homes and often stays to nurse them herself.

Francis the Second of Naples, that luckless Bourbon dunce whose throne Garibaldi overthrew in 1860, and who is said to be one of Daudet's "kings in exile," still lives in aimless comfort in Paris, where his sole activity is church of St. Philippe to say his prayers. He is | Credit river. This distressing event occurred rather small and insignificant in appearance. and looks like a pensioned bank clerk rather than a "monarch retired from business."

Americans who remember the Louis Kossuth of forty years ago-handsome, romantic, eloquent, impassioned-can not easily imagine him a worn and feeble veteran of eighty-eight. earning in exile a scanty income by his pen. Though fortune, friendships, and patriotic hopes are long outlived, he still keeps his sensitive honesty, and lately refused an offer from his publishers to advance three thousand floring in anticipation of future articles, on the ground that he might not live to fulfill his contract.

Mrs. Alexander, the well known authoress whose name is in reality Mrs. Alexander Hector, is a fair-faced, gray-haired lady, who lives in a quiet home on the outskires of London. She is a tremendous though systematic worker, and spends all of her mornings before a handsome oak desk, with an enormous Persian tabby cat of great age lying beside her. She is pre-eminently a lovable woman, and grants the reason of her holding so many friendships is, that she never rubs people the wrong way, and has a correct valuation of trifles. Together with unusual amiability, the clever Irishwoman has plenty of backbone; for, as she wisely remarks: "Mere softness and compliance will never bear the friction of

Americans in Paris give glowing accounts of Minister Reid's splendid entertainments. Mrs Reid dispenses hospitality with a liberal hand. She is slight and delicate in appearance and She is slight and delicate in appearance and she dresses with extreme Parisian elegance and good taste. Her Monday receptions are open to all Americans of respectability, whether they are passing tourists or residents of the city. Miss Reid, the minister's niece, usually presides at the tea-table, and Mr. Reid himself is often present and adds to the intellectual and social enjoyment of the occasion. Dinnerparties, balls, receptions and setes are given in almost constant succession, while the minister's elegant box at the Grand Opera House is often at the service of his traveling countrymen. Ontario's Pioneer Poet.



WILLIAM A STRPHENS

It is a fact known to comparatively few of the present generation that the pioneer poet of Ontario, William A. Stephens, a man who in his day was one of the central figures of the letters of this young country, is still living in peaceful retirement, surrounded by his family, in the picturesque young northern city of Owen Sound. Though now almost unknown (except locally) to the reading public, Mr. Stephens has been a writer of no mean rank; and to him be-longs the honor of having published the first volume of poems ever issued from the press in Upper Canada. Born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1809, he emigrated to Canada with his parents at a very early age, and may be looked upon as a Canadian more than an Irishman, especially as his writings show that he imbibed a strong colonial spirit, and as he has always been known as a man of the highest Canadian national feeling.

His verse, it is true, has not gained any lasting name in literature. But in this respect it is not unlike the earnest, meritorious toil of those brave men and women who, long years ago, plunged into the depths of the Canadian forests, axes in hand, to hew away the growths of centuries and make the path easier for the unborn hosts who were to follow. Their names. their hardships and sufferings are now rapidly passing away into oblivion; and if Mr. Sten hens' work is neglected and forgotten at the present day, it is but sharing the same fate as theirs, though of him it may also be said that he was a pioneer smoothing and straightening the road for the writers who have come after him. Mr. Stephens may most fittingly be described as an

> Whose songs gushed from his heart, As showers from the clouds of summer, Or tears from the eyelids start."

His first volume was published in 1840, under the title of Hamilton and Other Poems; and, as has been remarked before, this was the first volume of verse printed in Upper Canada. It contained, in the first edition, 180 pages; but in the volume now lying before me, which is one of the edition of 1871, there are 410 pages. the work having been considerably enlarged by additions in verse and the insertion of two lectures delivered by the author at Owen Sound.

Mr. Stephens opens his preface to the book with the following remarks:

"If I had not written this book no one else in the world would or could have written it; no one else was in a position to select all the subjects that I have chosen, and to look upon them from my standpoint. And if anyone had attempted it, no matter what his ability or experience, our books could not have been identical. No one but he who is, can be the parent of his own offspring, either mental or natural."

This is certainly a common enough truth, but it is seldom that one sees it so aptly put.

The first poem in the book is on a subject which breathes the very essence of early colonial life-the loss of a child (the author's walking once a day from his apartment to the infant sister) in the woods bordering the on the 17th of April, 1827, and was a fitting inspiration for what we are told was the first production the author published and one of the earliest he had written. The whole event is graphically portrayed—the anguish of the mother and father, the terror of the little sisters and brothers, the fruitless search by day, the weird spectacle of men beating through the forest by midnight under the glare of torches, the finding of the lost child speechless with exposure and terror, the wild tempestuous joy of the return, all this is presented to the reader with much force.

Hamilton, the main poem of the book, and the longest Mr. Stephens has written with the exception of The Centennial: an International Poem, published in '78 contains some admirable passages. As Bishop Strachan remarked concerning it, "There is very little of Hamilton in it;" but in this respect, as the author subsequently stated, "it resembles Cowper's Task." There is not space to make more than one extract from this poem. I have chosen what appeals to me as one of the finest passages :

Oh, muse | what art thou, strange mysterious sprite Who first invoked thee from the realms of light? What happy bard first waked the living lyre? Did he create thee, or didst thou inspire? Wert thou the creature of his fancy, wrought 'To fulness by the flat of his thought;'
Or didst thou come to make thy being known While intellectual glory round thee sh The lyre thy sceptre and the mind thy throne ?

Didst thou illumine, in the olden time The mind of Homer with thy light sublime, Who roll'd in majesty the tide of song, Bright'ning in glory as it rolls along, In heavenly harmony through distant years Bright and immortal as revolving spheres? How many names were saved by Homer's lyre From blank oblivion! His poetic fire Enshrin'd their mem'ries and bequeath'd each name An everlasting legacy to fame ! Well I remember, 'twas in boyhood's hours,
I read him first 'mid wild woo is and wild flower,
Tending the oxen in the hours of noon,
In brightest days of sunny May and June,

When 'Buck' and 'Bright' were from the yoke re

leas'd.
To reet and on the woodland herbage feast. There were no pasture fields; then all was new, But flowers and berbs in wild profusion grew; nce then laborious, persevering toil Has clear'd the woods and ploughshares turn'd the soil Upon a hank, thi ik strewn with wither'd leaves, Where nature's hand the mossy carpet weaves, oft reclined, with Iliad in hand. By forests shaded and 'by soft winds fann'd'; The oxen browsing round, whose brazen bell, With noisy tongue, their whereabouts would tell." I have space for only two other selections and it is with difficulty that I choose them. The first one, entitled A Year Ago To-day, was very popular at one time, and went the rounds not only of the Canadian, but also of

the American and English press: "A year ago it is to-day Since little Ernest died; Between the living and the dead There is a gulf so wife !

> "Short was his life, a week of years Was all that he had seen-The winters with their robe of white. The summers with their green.

'He never heard the wintry storm, The summer's rustling leaf, Nor music of the singing birds— Our little boy was deaf.

"Twas so, our Ernest never knew A word of human speech-The name of anything on earth His mind could never reach.

"Sight, taste, and smell and touch were all The avenues of thought,

By which the things of heaven and earth Within his mind were brought.

"And these were all acute; there was No deafness in his eyes-How joyous often was their glance Of pleasure or surprise ! " Tho' none by name, yet all by sight.

Each one he knew full well, And keenly felt each kindly act And other acts as well.

" And most were kind; a sympathy Was felt by one and all : Our smiling little dummy boy A favorite was with all.

" Poor little dear ! no idle word Against him shall arise, When he with all that lived shall meet The judgment of the skies! "Then some may have the bitter wish,

When that dread time has come Who used their speech in sin and pride, That they too had been dum?. " He's no more deaf than all the dead

Since he has passed the bourne; And from the land of peace and rest, We would not say return. ' He now may know what deafness means

How thoughts are clothed in breathing words, That each the other suit. " And he may tell in spirit's speech, To kindred spirits, who May listen when he says, 'On earth

And what 'tis to be mute:

No word I ever knew. " ' I did not know my parents' name, My country, age or race;
I did not know the God who made,

And saves me by his grace. " ' I did not know that I should die, That I was made of dust ; Nor of a life beyond the eky,

Nor of the Christian's trust. " ' But now I know my parents dear, My brothers, sisters too, And be like me and you."

The tenderness, sweetness and delicacy that breathe through every line of this poem, it were hard to surpass. And now only one more selection. On Seeing in the Distance a Light in the Window of Home :

"Yon lamps that bespangle, on high, The gloricus szare of night, Shed their radiance around on the sky, But I turn to a lowlier light.

" You glimmering lamp, far below vault of night's luminous dome Doth it's mellowing brilliancy throw On the humbler h aven of home. " The blaze of ambition may lead

The youthful aspirant afar, Where nodding plum'd warriors bleed, 'Mid the struggles and triumphs of war ! " He may follow its blaze thro' the storm,

O'er the wide rolling billows of foam! But its lustre O never can charm Like the peaceful enjoyments of home. " Lo ! Byron has donn'd his bright crown Which he wears by the flat of fame,

While the loud trumpet blast of renown The triumphs of genius proclaim ! " He may gather the incense of praise, And through visions of glory may roam. But hark, mid the laurel and bays,

Surely these are not the productions of an unworthy pen! They are but three almost random extracts from five hundred pages of I have made no selection from The Centennial.

He mourns the lost pleasures of home !"

Mr. Stephens was also the author of many impromptus, crisp and epigrammatic in their style; and in 1848 appeared from his pen A Poetical Geography and Rhyming Rules for Spelling. In 1853 he edited the Owen Sound Lever, and for years contributed both prose and verse to some of the leading Canadian and American papers, among which may be mentioned The Niagara Gleaner; The Palladium, The Examiner and The Leader, Toronto; The Streetsville Review: The Owen Sound Times The Philadelphia Saturday Courier; and The Baptist Magazine, Montreal. He was for a long time Collector of Customs at Owen Sound. but advancing years forced him to resign.

Now, at the ripe old age of eighty-one, he is entirely unknown as a contributor to any papers. Few of our younger writers have read his works; few have even heard his name. Yet he is a man, who, unfavored by circum stance, wielded his pen at one time with great ease and force, and won for himself a more than local name. Certainly as the pioneer poet of Ontario, he deserves a much larger place in the records of this young country's young but vigorous literature than he has yet been ac T. J. REXALEDAN.

The Home Market.

The Modern Child



Jeames-Miss Etsle, your mamma wishes you to go out for a walk in the park this after-

noon.
Little Eisle—Tell her that I do not wish to go, James. I have made up my mind to go to the opera this evening, and do not want o get tired; and say, James, couldn't you hook me another pot of jam from the storeroom?—Munsey's Weekly.

George Bancroft.

The long and busy life of America's great historian closed last Saturday. It was a life full of useful labors and well earned honors. From the outset of his career he was a devoted and painstaking student of history, and accumulated vast stores of knowledge that in after years were abundantly utilized. Mr. Bancroft was not a historian alone. He had filled pcsitions of high trust in the service of his country. The stanch friend of American institutions, honoring them by his life and works; a lover of his country and a defender of the faith on which its foundations rest, in all respects an admirable as well as gifted citizen, his death removes one of the most conspicuous and central figures of the century.

George Bancroft's life began with the century, and it has been crowded full of honors. When he was at Leipsic, in 1819, Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell wrote: "He is a most interesting youth, and is to make one of our great men.' In many respects Bancroft fulfilled this promise of his youth. In his twentieth year he was awarded the degree of Ph. D. by the University of Gottingen, and soon after this he made the acquaintance of Goethe. He had already selected history as his special branch of study, and distinguished himself for his erudition on the subject at Berlin, Heidelberg, and Harvard, where in 1822 he occupied the position of teacher of Greek. At this time he thought seriously of entering the ministry, and preached several effective sermons, but literature proved to have too strong a hold upon him. In 1823 he published a volume of poems, and in the following year a translation of Heeren's Politics of Ancient Greece. Six years later he was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature, but refused to take his seat. The next year he refused a nomination for the State Senate, yet in 1838 President Van Buren appointed him collector of the port of Boston. Under President Polk he was Secretary of the Navy, and signalled his administration by the establishment of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. From 1846 to 1849 Mr. Bancroft was minister to Great Britain; in 1867, was appointed minister to Russia; in the following year, was the American representative to the North German Confederacy, and in 1871 to the German Empire.

The first volume of his History of the United States was published in 1834; the second, in 1839; the third, in 1840; and the fourth to tenth, at intervals from 1852 to 1874. In 1876 the work was revised, and the volumes eleven and twelve, a history of the Constitution of the United States, were published. But in careful revision and addenda Mr. Bancroft busied himself until 1885, when a revised edition was published in six volumes. This work in itself necessitated a large correspondence, in addition to which Mr. croft was a member of many learned societies both here and abroad, and perhaps had more degrees tendered to him than any man of his time. Of recent years poor health largely interfered with his useful labors. In 1882 he wrote to a lady: "I was trained to look upon life as a season for labor. Being more than fourscore years old, I know the time for my release will on come. Conscious of being near the shores of eternity, I am waiting, without impatience and without dread, the beginning of the end which will summon me to rest." In his ninetieth year Mr. Bancroft grew very feeble, and his strong intellect gave way to the weight of years. He was born in Worcester, Mass., October 3, 1800, and was the son of Rev. Aaron

Osgoode Legal and Literary Society

The above society met, as usual, last Saturday evening in Convocation Hall. In the absence of the president, Mr. Simpson, the first vice, filled the chair.

This being about the first time that Mr. Kappelle has been absent from his post, and as it is nicer, and in some cases safer, to speak one's mind behind people's backs than before their faces, I consider the opportunity fitting to say a few words regarding him.

As a president Mr. Kappelle has proved to be a huge success. Never since the formation of the society, although we have had many brilliant men in the chair, have we had a president who entered into his work with such whole heartedness, grudging neither time nor money, but working on with admirable patience, steady zeal, and a single eye to the society's interests. Under his able pilotage our little ship of State has avoided dangerous rocks and shoals, has discovered undiscovered fields and is fast approaching that safe haven, under the lee of the benchers, and the protecting wing of the Law Society, where is our natural position, for are we not their children and future prop? I am the last man to say that in the past there have not been faults on both sides, which have, unfortunately, made breaches which should never have existed; but, after all, are not our interests identical? Is not the glory, honor and good name of the Law Society just as dear to the enthusiastic heart of the student as it is to the hoary headed and venerable Q. C.? Should not the child's place be near the heart of its parent? And though governed with firmness should not the grand ruling principle, after all, be love? Fellow students, let us rally round our president, who is working with all his honest heart, and let us look to it that we do not abuse privileges that may be granted us. It is a good thing to ask too much, but if we once realize that the governing body of the society are doing their best for us, all the sting of a refusal will be eliminated. Let us feel the dignity of the benchers to be dear to us as our own honor, and I venture to predict that in future happiness and the best of goodwill shall be our portion. Diplomacy, after all, pays better than war, and this society appreciates the fact that chiefly through the agency of Mr. Kappelle we are making a ten year stride in the short space of twelve months.

An octette of the Glee Club rendered two seections which were most enthusiastically received.

Mr. Kingston read part of one of Curran's Addresses to a Jury.

The essayist for the evening was Mr. Masten. His "talk," as he very modestly styled it, dealt with the trials, tribulations and opportunities of a law student's career, and how to improve them. I think I am not exaggerating when I say that never has the society listened to a more interesting and at the same time instructive lecture. The vote of thanks, which was unanimously passed at the close, but feebly represented the real appreciation of the members for his kindness in devoting so much time and thought towards smoothing the path be-

fore us.

The debate on the subject "Resolved: That the private ownership of land values should be abolished," was rather one sided. Mr. G. J. Ashworth upheld the affirmative with a number of original arguments, but was unsupported. Mr. Fish made a powerful speech in favor of the existing system of land tenure, being supported by Mr. Buckingham. The chairman decided in favor of the negative. After a few kindly remarks and some friendly advice from the society's critic, Mr. Ryckman, the meeting adjourned.

Trying to Make a Dicker.



De Mascus—Shall you go south for the winter St. Agedore—No; I can get all the winter I want right here,—St. Joseph News.

Mollison—I am at a disadvantage, sir. You have surprised me.

The father of seven of them—Don't let a little thing like that worry you, young man. I just came in to see if a ranch in Utah and free transportation would be any object to you to take all I've got.—Judge.

The Mystery of the Panelled House you knew all that I do." With a great affort the girl commanded herself, and spoke quietly. "I will think about it, Miss Vansittart," she self, and spoke quietly. "I will think about it, Miss Vansittart," she self. "Of course, it is a difficult thing to do; but I will consider your words, though, of course, I do not fully understand them. Will it do if I give you an answer in a fortnight's time?"

By EVERETT GREEN

" My Grave," " Mistress Cicily," Etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII. A LABOR OF LOVE,

The task Corona and Maidie had set then

The task Corona and Maidie had set them selves of forcing an entrance to the masked staircase (whose very existence was only to them an intuition rather than a fact) was sufficiently bold, seeing that they had neither proper tools, nor any great strength at command, and that the risk of discovery was a thing almost too terrible to contemplate.

Mr. Vansittart was in that mood of bland gentleness which both sisters feared more than any other. Indeed, his manner to Corona was so tenderly sympachetic, so soft and care-sing, that she positively shrank from him in a kind of instinctive terror. No more had passed directly between them since the day on which he had laid before her the proofs of Cedric's guilt; but she felt that she was treated as one who has had an irremediable loss, and that it was tacitly assumed she had decided to think no more of her former lover, but to gather up the broken strands of her life and begin again.

In one way, perhaps, it mattered little what fiction Mr. Vansittart and his grim sister tried to impose upon her; yet in her heart she felt that it did matter—that it was as if a net were closing slowly but sur-ly round her, and if she attempted to break through the toils some fearful fate would overtake her.

Shut up in that lonely house, practically cut off from all the world, feeling utterly alone and helpless, no wonder her heart sank within her. Perhaps nothing could have so sustained her as this new terror—that Cedric was fellow-victim to the wiles of this absolutely field like man—a man capable, she felt, of any crime, and incapable of any human feelings. If it were so, if her lover were beneath this unhallowed roof, find him she must and would. Once together, and courage and hope might allike return.

Maidie was full of eager enthusiasm. It was her sharp wits that had jumped to a con-

roof, find him she must and would. Once together, and courage and hope might alike return.

Maidle was full of eager enthusiasm. It was her sharp wits that had jumped to a conclusion which to a more sober mind would have seemed absolutely preposterous, and now it was she who was readlest of resource in carrying out the bold scheme of working their way through their prison walls.

She declared that they must commence operations from the cupboard side of the vacant space. In the dark closet which nobody entered they could carry on their mining operations unseen and unsuspected; and she declared that if this secret staircase to the upper rooms had been built after those rooms were added to the main structure (as seemed probable) the new walls of the partition shutting it off from the rest of the building were not likely to be so very strong. It was plain that the wall in Corona's room could not have been the one altered to admit the passage of a stairway, so that the only other alternative was that the needful encroachment had been made upon the dark cupboard.

A similar construction in the floor above showed the sisters that the staircase, if staircase it was, ran right up to the blocked up attic rooms; below were Mr. Vansittart's library and study, and the girls had no opportunity of discovering what the construction of these might be.

Maidie's surmises as to the fragility of the

these might be. Maidie's surmises as to the fragility of the

Maidie's surmises as to the fragility of the wall of partition were amply verified as the exciting labor progressed.

Very cautiously the sisters had to set to work, for they dared not move hand or foot till they had absolute proof that Mr. Vansittart and his sister were either out of the house or so occupied that it would be practically impossible that they should surprise their secret labors. Indeed, in the first instance the work was done at dead of night, and that only when it was certain that brother and sister were locked in their respective rooms. Corona had oi'ed the locks of both doors previously, and was able to try them and find them secure before she attempted to commence operations.

When that point had been safely settled, the two sisters shut themselves into the dark

When that point had been safely settled, the two sisters shut themselves into the dark closet, and began their self appointed task, almost too eager and excited to feel the fear they would have expected at thus taking open steps to defeat the will of the enemy.

They were not entirely without implements, though what they had were of a somewhat nondescript class. Maidie had found and conveyed to the house from the tool shed in the garden, an old pick axe, a saw and a coal hammer. Corona had contrived to purchase unseen at the ironmonger's, an iron chisel and a large knife; and thus provided the two girls set to work in cautious silence, but with right good will.

set to work in cautious silence, but with right good will.

The first obstacle in their path was only a barrier of lath and plaster, which quickly yielded to their efforts, though they used great care in removing it, as they wished, if possible, to restore something of its outward semblance on the remote chance that some errand should ever bring Miss Vansittart into the dark cupboard.

board.

They only removed a small portion, just enough in fact to admit of their passing through, if a hole should ever be made; and after this portion had been cut away or torn down, they reached a solid brick wall, which looked strong enough and firm enough to fill them with dismay.

But it was no mere idle curio-ity which had

But it was no mere idle curio-ity which had prompted the sisters to undertake this task. They felt that success was life or death to them; and instead of admitting that there was any discouragement in this discovery. Corona merely said, "As I expected," and set to work to see if by any means the bricks could be

any discouragement in this discouragement in this discouragement in this discouragement in this discould be to see if by any means the bricks could be loosened.

At first it was disheartening work. With chisel and the pointed end of the coal hammer the sisters set to work to pick away the mortar that bound the bricks together; and very long did it seem before any impression was produced. But at length it became visible that they were making an impression. The brick they were making an impression. The brick showed signs of growing loose. They redoubled their efforts on finding this out, and at last had the satisfaction of lifting it bodily out of its place, and feeling that a breach had indeed been made.

been made.

Another joy was in store, in the discovery that there was only one layer of bricks to deal with. On the other side came plaster again, most likely a lath and plaster wall such as the one they had just encountered. How to deal with that, so as to avoid detection, must be puzzled out another time. The task in hand was to get as many bricks loose as possible, and before the tired girls sought their beds that right, a full dozen had been taken out and piled together in an empty box. The and piled together in an empty box. The laihs were then put back in such a way that a casual glarce at the wall would not be likely to detect anything unusual, and Corona and Maidle retired to rest to dream of interminable brick walls, and of finding Cedric on the other

brick walls, and of finding Cedric on the other side.

During the days that followed every spare moment that could be safely employed thus, was given over to widening the breach to dimensions sufficient to allow the passage of a human figure. It was slow work, for the masonry was stout; but time and patience and resolution won the day, and the object would have been much more quickly achieved had it not been that they had to be very careful how they prosecuted their work.

By day they hardly dared to do a stroke of work, save at the rare times when Mr. Vansittert was out and his sister engaged in cooking or in domestic duties that would be certain to prevent her from paying a visit to the captive unstairs. When he was in the house they had no security that he might not at any mo-

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. ment ascend the masked staircase; and if he once heard a suspicious sound, he would leave no stone unturned till he had discovered the

once heard a suspicious sound, he would leave no stone unturned till he had discovered the cause.

Detection would be inevitable, and Corona felt that such detection would be more bitter than death itself.

Still, slowly as the work proceeded to the imparience of the girls, it did progress, and that steadily, and at last a hole was made in the brickwork sufficiently large for their purpose, and only the lath and plaster on the other side remained to be dealt with.

How they longed to know exactly what lay upon the other side, and what risk they ran of detection in piercing through it! But it was impossible to ascertain this save by cautious experiment. They dared not take Drake into any confidence, for it was impossible to elicit any real information from him, or to know how far his good will to the upstairs prisoner extended. He had been so long the slave and tool of a wicked master, that they could not feel it safe to trust him in a matter where such urgent secrecy was required. Besides he might not be able to explain to them what they desired to know, even if they could make him understand their wishes.

When the crucial moment came, therefore, the girls proceeded with the utnost caution. First they picked off, piece by piece, all the plaster from the inside, and, having done this, found not laths but match-boardine, as the outer layer of all. This was more difficult to deal with at the outset, but might be better for their ultimate purpose.

The sharp knife was forced in between the

deal with at the outset, but might be better for their ultimate purpose.

The sharp knife was forced in between the joints and passed up and down till three planks had been, as it were, loosened from the others; and then came the really severe labor of cutting them through, top and bottom.

Corona ruled a straight line to work by, and, standing on a chair, passed her knife forward and backwards, backwards and forward, with untning zeal and industry, till first a groove appeared, and then a deep incision, and gradually a way was worked right through the wood (which was, luckily, only dea!), and Maidie, from below, followed her sister's example, till they could feel that the planks were loose, and only needed a very little more before yielding altogether.

they could feel that the planks were loose, and only needed a very little more before yielding altogether.

Of course it took many nights to reach this point, but reached at last it was; and the sisters feit that now, when the right moment came and they could really venture to prosecute their inquiry to the uttermost, they had only to remove the thin planks and replace them afterwards with care, and the freedom of the masked staircase was theirs!

All these days they had been conscious that there was an uncomfortable feeling in the house. Mr. Vansittart, with all his hardness, looked as if he were overburdened with suspicion and irritated misgiving. He watched the girls, and even his own sister, with a narrowness that was absolutely repulsive; and the only person he did not appear to distrust was the deaf mute, who was hardly regarded as a sentient being, but looked upon as a mere tool incapable of independent thought or action.

corona could not divine the cause for this change, unless the consciousness of his guilt awoke all these new suspicious fears. It was strange to see his fiery eyes fixed upon his sister as if he could have struck her dead it hatred could have killed. Corona was filled with wonder at the sight, and felt less antipathy to Miss Vansittart in consequence.

pathy to Miss Vansittart in consequence.

The hostess had always seemed more like an upper servant than the mistress of the house. At meals she seldom spoke a word; and during the day she employed herself about domestic duties, and though she kept a pretty close watch upon the movements of the sisters, she often hardly exchanged a word with them from one week's end to the other. She had none of the polish or conversational powers of her brother. It seemed as if living all her life in that dismal house had stunted her mind and dwarfed her faculties. All that she seemed capable of was a dog-like, unquestioning attachment to her brother, who for his part seemed to take no heed to her whatever.

Little as Corona liked Miss Vansittart, she

Little as Corona liked Miss Vansittart, she

Little as Corona liked Miss Vansittart, she began at least to feel a little compassion for her at this time; and soon a new element was added to her feelings—an element of pure actonishment; for the grim spinster at last came out in a new light, and actually sought speech of Corona.

It was at dusk one day she sought their room—upon the very day when their labors were ended, and they felt that the secret would shortly be theirs. It was a Saturday evening, and they had said to each other that if Mr. and Miss Vansittart went to morning service next day together as usual, leaving them at home, they would take that opportunity of finding out exactly what presence it was that haunted those upper rooms.

finding out exactly what presence it was that haunted those upper rooms.

Her appearance in their room, and the noise-less way in which she closed the door and crossed over towards them, caused both their thoughts to sink with fear.

Could it be possible that those prying eyes had discovered their secret despite their efforts to conceal it? Maidie nearly enoked herself in her effort to restrain her trembling anxiety, and Corona's face was pale as marble as she turned it towards the intruder.

"Miss St. Cyr," said Miss Vansittart, who seldom addressed the girls by their Christian names. "I have come to counsel and to warn

names, "I have come to counsel and to warn you—and that for your own good. Believe me names. it is for your own good.

The woman spoke in a whisper, and very earnestly. Her face looked more human than usual, but it was impossible to read its expression.

pression.
"I are much obliged to you," answered Corona. "Will you sit down and explain yourself.
I do not under-tand your meaning." Yet her heart was beating so loud and fast that she thought the sound must be audible to her com-

thought the sound must be audible to her companion.

"I know you will not like what I say; but if you knew all, you would see that I am only thinking of your own good—yours and that of another, who II know you would save from a hideous fate if you knew that it threatened him, and that you could save him from it."

Here Maidie nipped her sister's hand hard, and Corons felt her heart bound and then almost stand still.

"You will not understand what I mean. It is impossible you should; but if you would save someone you love from a terrible fate, and , ourself from one almost as bad, you will act differently, from what you have been doing, and make a sacrifice of your own will to neces-

and make a sacrifice of your own will to neces

it do if I give you an answer in a fortnight's time?"
"I will try to get that respite—I mean—I. Yes, you had better think it over. I will talk to my brother. I trust you will be guided by his wishes. He feels very much about it, and he generally gains his point in the end, and it's so much better to give way at first."
Corona shivered lightly.
"You said I was to give up Cedric 'in the first place.' Is there anything to be done afterwards?"

wards?"
Miss Vansittart seemed to hesitate, and then

Miss Vansittart seemed to hesitate, and then she drew quite close to Corona and spoke almost in a whisper.

"Did I say so? I think it slipped out unawares; but, my dear, I think you must know how Andrew loves you. When you have once made up your mind to give up your boy-lover, you will soon come to value the deeper affections of an older man. If you will but promise to be Andrew's wife, you will find that all your troubles are at an end."

Miss Vansittart glided away, leaving Corona and Maidle gazing into each other's eyes in a kind of speechless horror.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FOUND AT LAST.

Sunday morning dawned fair and clear.
Corona had hardly slept all night, partly from
the excitement of the wild hope of seeing
Cedric once more—for they were more and
more certain that it was he who was imprisoned in those upstairs at ics—partly from
the sense of horror and dread inspired by Miss
Vansittart's words of the previous evening.
She could only put one interpretation upon
them—that Cedric's life would be the forfeit
of her obstinacy and his own. She saw more
clearly the motive which actuated her guardian
in his resolve to separate them. He hims if
intended to win her and her fortune for himself.

self.
No doubt he was urging upon Cedric som No doubt he was urging upon Cedric some written renunciation to show her, such as his sister had suggested she should herself furnish. The penalty of refusal might be anything he chose to luflict. Her lover was absolutely at the mercy of a man in whom not one spark of human feeling seemed to dwell.

It was terrible to think what might be the result of this irresponsible power in such hands; yet the danger that menaced Cedric from without was in its way almost equally dreadful.

It was terrible to think what might be the result of this irresponsible power in such hands; yet the danger that menaced Cedric from without was in its way almost equally dreadful.

She might be able by the exercise of courage and ingenuity to contrive to give his friends warning of where he was, but if that should be the means of bringing him to the gallows would she ever know a moment's peace again? Might she not always feel that if she had but watched and waited, and met plot by plot, and cunning by cunning, she might even effect her lover's liberation without handing him over into the ciutches of the law.

So no sleep visited Corona that night as she turned and tossed upon her pillows, torn in twain by conflicting doubts and fears; and it was no wonder that she looked pale and heavy-eyed in the morning, and that it was decided that she ought not to go to church.

Corona submitted languidly, showing no symptom of interest in the discussion as to whether both Mr. and Miss Vansitrart should go. They decided at length to do so. They had always been tolerably regular at the morning service of late, and soon after half-past ten Maidie and Corona, standing at the passage window saw them sally forth together, and nipped each other by the hand.

Drake was dozing in his dark pantry. He had come for the sick man's food before the sisters went down to breakfast, and looked as if he meant to have a comfortable nap in his master's absence. The poor fellow was always hard worked at the best of times, and Sunday morning was his only period of peace.

"Now!" whispered Maidie, with a bound of wild excitement. "We are safe for two whole hours! Now let us find Cedric."

Without a moment's delay the two sisters glided upstairs and to the scene of their past.

"Now!" whispered Maidie, with a bound of wild excitement. "We are safe for two whole hours! Now let us find Cedric."

Without a moment's delay the two sisters glided upstairs and to the scene of their past labors. The planks were thoroughly cut through, and five minutes' work with a sharp knife fluished the business. One by one they were lifted out, and an opening thus made to a dark space beyond; and gazing through the girls saw that they had not been mistaken. There was a narrow wooden staircase bebind on to which they could step without difficulty. It was very dark, but Maidie brought a candle, and Corona replaced the planks in position with the utmost care. When done it was almost impossible to detect the traces of the tools. It was barely possible that the keenest eye should discover that the boards had ever been moved.

The girls heaved a sigh of relief. This anxiety at an end, their intense excitement at the next scene in the drama almost robbed them of the power of speech. In trembling silence they mounted the dark stairs, till they found their way barred by a trap door heavily boited on the inside.

The bolts were easily drawn back; but even as the girls performed that task Corona realized with a shudder that if only a strong padlock were to be used, no one but the holder of the key could reach the solitary captive. If the gaoler's suspicions were once aroused, how easy it would be to cut off all possible communication with his prisoner.

The trap door was heavy to raise; but it yielded to their united efforts, and when it was opened a stream of sunshine poured in. They mounted the few remaining steps and found themselves upon a lead walk about three yards wide, bounded on one side by a seven foot brick parapet, and on the other by some attle rooms with dormer windows. Close to the trap was a door which stood half open, and admitted them to this upper storey. Not a sound was to be heard as they crept in, a great awe stealing over them as the thought of possible horrors suggested itself. But some poor p

here? Corona! Corona! say it is not all a dream!"
For the first ten minutes nothing was thought of but the intense joy of this reunion. Her arms were about his neck. Her head lay upon his shoulder. She heard the passionate whispers of that loved voice, and for a few brief moments nothing could be thought of but the exquisite bliss of love.
Maidie slipped away and busied herself no one knew how. Clever little child! She knew the lovers did not need her, and a new idea had come into her inventive brain.
But when the first few rapturous minutes had passed Corona lifted her head from its resting place, and looked anxiously into her lover's face.
"Cedric, you are ill!"

hours of pain. I cannot see what he does. I believe he is trying to poison it slowly. If I had not such a fough constitution, he would have been more successful!"

"Oh, Cedric!" Corona's eyes were full of horror.

"On, Cedric!" Corona's eyes were full of horror.

"He is bent on wringing from me a confession of guilt, and a letter that shall at once be a renunciation of you, Corona, and one which will effectually kill your love for me. Sometimes he leaves me without food, more often without water, for his surgery always leaves me intolerably thirsty. If it were not for his good servant, I suppose I should have been dead before this, but the man outwits his master, and I am seldom left long without relief." He—Vansittart—is awfully puzzled, He thinks I manage to get cut of bed and get at snow or rain water from the leads, as I have done once or twice, for he cannot reduce me as much as he tries, thanks to Lis servant, whom luckily he does not suspect. But he may do so any day, Corona—and then—"
She laid her hand upon his lips and shuddered.
"Huph Cedric I cannot hear it. Besides

See laid feer hald upon his lips and shuddered.

"Hush, Cedric, I cannot bear it, Besides you will not be dependent upon Drake—Maidie and I will come. We have all this time been making you your soup and jelly—now we will bring it, as well."

His eyes lighted at the words.

"If I had only known. Yes, Corona," he lifted her hand to his lips.

"And now, Cedric, I am going to dress your wound. I know how to. I have not lived in a convent for nothing. You shall he p me, too, and we will see if between us we cannot outwit that monster. And, oh! Cedric, if you will run the risk, I will let people know where you are. But——"

But—"
"I know," he said, sadly, "I know what you would say. Corona, if I could die here, with your dear a ms about me, I would sooner do so than hear Mervyn stand up to witness against me, and bring disgrace upon my house by the charges of which I am innocent in God's sight, but which I may never be able to disprove. If Mervyn were on my side—if he would stand and work with me, I could face all the world. But I feel that with his testimony against me my hands are tied."

Corona knew not what to counsel. Either

my hands are tied."

Corona knew not what to counsel. Either way things looked equally dark.

"Your imprisonment here—would not that go far to prove your innocence?"

"I cannot tell. Vansittart has such diabolic cunning. I believe we should find he had a plausible story ready. He rells me to my face that he brought me here—I know not how—for my own sake and yours. He might suff r possibly as an accomplice, but never as the real criminal."

"And was he the murderer?"

The question was a whisper; it was met by a sign of assent.

a sign of assent.

"I have no proofs; but I am convinced of it.
He wanted Mervyn and me both out of his wey.
It is no thanks to him that Mervyn is living
yet. I should not be alive were it not that he
thinks he may yet get from me what he has set
his heart noon."

his heart upon."

"And can nothing be done to bring that dreadful man to justice?" and Corona's hands were wrung together in mure distress.

"That is what I lie and ask myself; but I am helpless and some myself; but I am

helpless, and you, my darling, not much better off. But to see your sweet face gives me new life. Oh, Corons, for your sake I must try to clear myself."

life. Oh, Corona, for your sake I must try to clear myself."

"Ah, Cedric, do! I will work night and day for that object. My love—my love!"

"Sweet, I know it; and have not you shown already of what you are capable? Corona, do you ever see Mervyn and Patricia, or even Keith? Could you get speech of them?

"It is like this, Cedric. We never are allowed out anywhere, and nobody comes near us. I could not go and come on such an errand without betraying something and revealing a good deal. But were a crisis to come, were things ripe for a great effort, I could and would defy everything and fly to them with my tale. Only if I had once done that, it is hardly likely I could wear the mask again. Oh, why do they leave us quite alone? Why does nobody come to help us? We are so helpless, and that wicked, wicked man has all the power."

"They do not know, Corona. Naturally they think I am hiding away in my guilt. Ah, Mervyn—you to think it too! Yet, there is reason. Were we not actually flighting together when you lost consciousness of outward things?"

Corona meantime had despatched Maidle for warm water and various things she needed.

you lost consciousness of outward things? Corona meantime had despatched Maidle for warm water and various things she needed, and set to work to dress the wound hitherto left to Vansittart's care, in a fashion very different from anything the patient had experienced at his hands. She was horrified at its appearance, angry, inflamed, and entirely neglected. It was wonderful what a thorough cleansing effected, and what relief it brought; and the girl's indignation was great when she saw what dressing was being used.

"Why it is a regular intiant. No wonder

saw what dressing was being used.

"Why it is a regular irritant. No wonder you have so much pain! But, Cedric, we will outwit him between us. See, here, you can sponge it for yourself, and so he need not suspect that any hand but yours has been at work; and as for the dressing, I will put a little coloring matter to mine that shall make it look like his; and I will give you a rag spread with it to keep under your pillow. So as soon as he has gone, all you have to do is to loosen the bandage, take away what he has put, and sponge before using my dressing. Then you will get better in spite of him; and if you only do not let this appear too much but talk in a low voice and appear to be getting weaker, he will probably be satisfied and suspect nothing. And then—"
"Well what then Corona?"

weaker, he will probably be satisfied and suspect nothing. And then—"
"Well, what then, Corona?"
"I was going to "ay that you should lock him up in his own rooms one day, when you were strong enough to try conclusions with him. Only that if you do escape—Oh, Cedric, is there no way out of it?"
His 'yes had a gleam of fire in them as he heard her wo.ds.
"It might be one plan—only I am a good way yet from winning a battle of force. He is very wiry and strongs—much more so than he looks, or he and his man could not have carried me up here. Corona you must think, and I must think. My darling, you give me life and hope and health. Can you come again? Say that you can! I shall live only for your visits now."

A little discussion showed them that night

visits now."

A little discussion showed them that night or an hour when both the Vansittarts were out was the only really safe time. Greatly as he neglected his captive, with a view of reducing him to submission, his suspicious fears brought him up many times during the day, though he never came after midnight. Miss Vansittart would occasionally come up too, generally, as it seemed, to make sure that all was safe, or that the patient was not left too long without nourishment. She hardly ever spoke, but he fancied her less harsh than her brother, as she sometimes brought him food, and always seemed afraid of being caught in the act.

Corona whispered then to her lover the Corona whispered then to her lover the

corona waispered then to her lover the ghastly warning given her the previous night; and Cedric held her closely in his arms as if afraid that harm might come to her.

But Corona's fears were all for him; and now that they had seen each other both were brave and strong in face of peril.

and make a sacrifice of your own will to necessity."

"What must I do?" asked Corona, so gently, that Miss Vansittart was encouraged to believe her spirit more subdued than she had expected.

"In the first place, you must renounce all hope of marrying that young man, Cedric but or believer, never see him sgain; and even if he did return, he would be seized by the authorities and hanged. It is absurd to pre:end you can on-sider yourself engaged to one who is a felon and a criminal of the deepest dye. And if you would but renounce him, absolutely and irrevocably, and that in writing—ah! you do not know what misery you would save!"

Corona pressed her hands together. It was son e time before she answered.

"You would do so, indeed, Miss St. Cyr, if"

had passed Corona lifted her head from its resting place, and looked anxiously into her lesting place, and looked anxiously into her lover's face.

"Cedric, you are ill!"

"I should not be if I were allowed to get better; but, Corona, tell me first, is it safe for you to be here? Where is Vansittart? and how diy you get here?"

She told her tale rapidly, eager to hear more of himself; he pressed her hand in loving gratitude as he heard of the efforts made for this rescue. When he knew that for two hours they were safe, he grew more composed, and is rescue. When he knew that for two hours they were safe, he grew more composed, and if you would but renounce him, absolutely and irrevocably, and that in writing—ah! you do not know what misery you would save!"

Corona pressed her hands together. It was son e time before she answered.

"You would do so, indeed, Miss St. Cyr, if"

almost anything not very heavy might be passed up in this way.

Corona clasped Maidle in her arms, and Cedric held out his hand, eyes alight with graitude.

"Then I can always hear of you my darling; and I need not fear being left to die of thirst, which has, I confess it now, been one of my horrors. We have established a priva'e postal system of our own. If only we could obtain one with the great would without. If only Mervyn could know all!"

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CHAPTER XLII.

ht be

ticket chard-elaide

" DO NOT FEAR; THAT STING IS GONE."

A: first Violet did not even appear to swallow; bu: Wallace kept dropping a little of the liquid into her mouth, until the action of the throat told him that it was passing down, and, at the end of half an hour, it became evident that the nourishment was taking effect, for her pulse was 'stronger and her breathing more patural.

S: Ill. conscious para did not return out the

more natural.

Still consciousness did not return and there was a terrible tear in every heart that she

was a terrible lear in every heart that she would never revive.

The officer came and touched Wallace gently on the shoulder after a time.

"I thought you didn't know the girl," he said, a look of inquiry in his eyes, for Wallace had represented her as a friend of Mr. Lawrence, but a stranger to him.

"Oh! I never suspected—but she is—my wife," the young man returned with white lips.

wife," the young man returned with white lips.

The man's face was very sympathetic, but he was anxious to make his prisoner secure.

"You can leave her for a couple of minutes," he said; "let the woman tend her while you cone down with me, in case this fellow should try to make me any trouble. I want to get him under lock and key; then I'll send the carriage back for you."

Wallace bent a searching look upon the woman.

Wallace bells a season.

Her face was full of sympathy, her eyes rested upon Violet with a look of intense anxiety, and he believed she could be trusted.

"What are you here for?" he asked.

"He hired me to take care of her," she replied, indicating Whilhelm Mencke by a genture.

"He hired me to take care of her," she replied, indicating Whilhelm Mencke by a gesture.

"Unat was his object in keeping her here?"

"I don't know, sir; I was only to cook her meals and wait upon her. Let me feed her," she added, holding out her hand for the glass, "Can I trust you? You haven't been giving her anything to make her like this?" Wallace questloned, sternly, a new and terrible fear taking possession of him

"Oh, no, sir," and the woman recoiled with a look of horror on her face that reassured him. "I wouldn't, harm a hair of her head—indeed, you may trust me—I will warm the milk, and it will be likely to do her more good. I only wish I had thought of the brandy before."

Wallace yielded his post to her, and preceded the officer and his prisoner down stairs, where they found the carriage waiting.

Wilhelm Mencke was inclined to resist getting into it, but another twist at the nippers convinced him that it would be unwise for him to exhibit much of his stubborn spirit, and he stepped into the vehicle, followed by his custodian, and was driven away, while Wallace returned to his charge upstairs.

"She is really coming around, sir," was Sarah's greeting, as he entered the room.

As Wallace bent down to smooth the tangled hair from Violet's brow, her white lids slowly opened, and the beautiful blue eyes of his loved one looked once more into his.

Wallace thought he must break down utterly as he met that gaze—a long, loving, earnest gaze it was, too—and he trembled so that he was obliged to drop into the chair which Sarah thoughtfully set for him beside the bed.

A faint smile began to hover about Violet's lip, and he wondered that she dld not seem surprised or agitated to find him there.

"Wallace!" she whispered, after a moment.

"Yes, love."

"I knew you would come to meet me."

"I knew you would come to meet me."

"I knew you would come to meet me."

"Wallace!" she whispered, after a moment.
"Yes, love."
"I knew you would come to meet me."
He thought she was wandering and did not reply, but took one of her hands in a fond clasp.
"I thought I was dying," she went on, in a weak, dreamy tone, "and I didn't care much—I was so unhappy. I am glad now, for nothing can ever separate us again."
"Good gracious, sir; she thluks she is dead, I do believe!" Sarah exclaimed, in an astonished whisper.

ished whisper.

Wallace made a gesture enjoining her to be silent, then he said, softly:

"No, darling, nothing shall separate us

"No, darling, nothing shall separate us now."

He began to feed her again with the warm milk and brandy, and she took it with some show of hunger, only once she glanced from the spoon up into his face and murmured:

"How queer!" and he knew that she was still only partially conscious, and imagined herself and him both in the other world, while it had occurred to her as strange that he should be feeding her.

She was still very weak, and presently she dropped off into a gentle, natural slumber.

She slept for more than an hour.

The carciage came menawhile, but Wallace bade the driver wait, he would not disturb the beloved sleeper in her strengthening repose.

During this time he drew Sarah out of the room, and questioned her closely.

The woman told him truthfully all that she knew regarding Violet's capture and imprisonment, and he was convinced that she was in no way responsible for what had occurred, but had on the other hand been as much of a friend to her as she had dared to be. He also learned

had on the other hand been as much of a friend to her as she had dared to be. He also learned that, immediately after Violet's recapture, Mrs. Mencke had hurried off to Cincinnati, but he could gain no clew to the object of her journey.
Surah begged that he would not allow her to

Such begged that he would not allow her to be arrested as an accomplice of Wilhelm Mencke, and told him of her crippled child at home, who was dependent upon her, and he assured her that she should not be, but told her that she must hold herself in readiness to testify against her employer when his case came to trial.

Their conversation was interrupted by a

came to trial.

Their conversation was interrupted by a slight sound from within the room, and they hastened back to their patient, to find her awake and half sitting up, supported upon one show.

awake and half sitting up, supported upon one elbow.

"On, Sarah! I dreamed," she began, then catching sight of Wallace behind the woman, she cried out in a voice that was tremulous with love, and joy, and wooder:

"It was no dream! Oh, Wallace! Wallace!"

He knelt beside her, opening his arms, and she threw herself upon his breast, sobbing in atter abundonment.

utter ab indonment.
"Go," Wallace said, in a husky tone to
Sarah, and she stole softly out of the room,
wiping the tears that streamed from her

wiping the tears that streamed from her eyes.

We, too, are shut out from those first moments of reunion, for they were too sacred for any human eye to witness. Only that long-parted husband and wife will ever know how solemn, yet joyous, was that hour, when they realized that they had been given back to each other from the dead, as it were.

At last Wallace called Sarah to prepare Violet another glass of milk, and the woman added a beaten egg to it, feeling sure that the girl's recent almost comatose state had been chiefly produced by mental depression and the lack of neurishment, rather than by any bodily allment.

alment.

V:olet drank it eagerly, but without releasing her hold upon Wallace's hand, for it almost seemed to her that he would again vanish f:om her sight if she let go of him.

"Now, my darling," Wallace said, when she had disposed of it all, "I want you to have S:rah dress you warmly, then I am going to take you home, if you think you can endure the ride. Mr. Lawrence, I know, is terribly anx'ous, and will begin to think I have failed to find you, it is getting so late. Are you strong enough, do you think?

"Yes, indeed; and, oh! I shall be so glad to get away from this dreadful place," Violet answered, with a shivering sigh.

It was not an easy task for her, however, to dress, for she was still exceedingly weak, and panted breathlessly with every exertion; but flually she was ready, and Wallace gathering her slight form in his arms, carried her down, and laid her upon some pillows in the carriage. He then went back and locked Mrs. Mencke's door, leaving word with the family below that she would find her key at the nearest police station. Then he handed Sarah a ten dollar note, and took her address, saying that he would see her again in a few days.

After this the newly united husband and wife were driven directly to Mr. Lawrence's residence on Fifth avenue.

That gen'leman was overjoyed when he learned that Violet was once more safe beneath his roof, while it would be difficult to depict his amazement upon learning that Wallace was the husband of his fair protegee.

Wallace had insisted that Violet should go directly to bed upon her arrival home, and, after she had partaken of a nourishing little repast, which Mrs. Davis prepared with her own hands, she fell into a refreshing slumber, which lasted far into the evening.

During this time Wallace conversed wit'n Mr. Lawrence, and read Violet's letter, which had come to light after his departure in the morning, and through this learned the reason of Wilhelm Mencke's abduction of her, and the probable object of Mrs. Mencke's journey to Cincinnat!.

When Violet awoke he questioned her further about the matter, when he comprehended more clearly the plot against her.

Early the next morning he telegraphed to Ralph Middleton the message to stop all proceedings regarding the Huntington fortune, and then wrote immediately, relating the romantic story of Viclet's adventures, and promising to bring her to Cincinnati to claim her inheritance as soon as she was able to travel.

Her recent trying experience had told fearfully upon her, and she was obliged to keep

promising to bring her to Cincinnati to claim her inheritance as soon as she was able to travel.

Her recent trying experience had told fearfully upon her, and she was obliged to keep her bed for several days. She could not even see Mr. Lawrence, although she would have been glad to go to him, and she was shocked when she learned of his injuries and narrow escape from death.

So Wallace had to be the bearer of messages between the two sick rooms, but it was a pleasant task, and one in which he took especial delight.

"My dear fellow, I never can express my joy in the knowledge that you are Violet's husband," Mr. Lawrence remarked, the day after the wonderful reunion. "Yours is the most romantic story, out of a novel, that I ever knew of; and now that she has come back to me you must make this your home also."

"You are certainly very kind, Mr. Lawrence," Wallace began, flushing; "but—"
"There—there, don't let us bave any 'buts' nor any objections," said Mr. Lawrence, interrupting him. "Violet, to all intents and purposes, is my adopted daughter; my will was made some time ago, and half of all that I possess is left exclusively to her; the—other half will go to—my nearest of kin"—this last with a keen glance at Wallace, who, however, did not appear to suspect that he was his nearest of kin. "Now be reasonable, Wallace," he pleaded, seeing that the young man still hesitated from a feeling of independence; "this house and all there is in it will some time belong to Violet; I am a lonely old man who enjoys young company, so stay, both of you and be my children."

"Well, then, for the present, since you so much desire it; we will stay perhaps until the nearest of kin present themselves," Wallace replied, smilling as he warmly clasped the hand that the invalid held out to him, while he wondered a little what caused the mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

Wallace had been absent from his office for two days, and when upon the morning of the

Wallace had been absent from his office for two days, and when upon the morning of the third, he presented himself there again he found Lord Cameron before him, making anxious inquiries regarding his prolonged absence. Wallace at once drew him into his private office and locked the door.

"Where have you been, Richardson?" his lordship inquired. "I have literally haunted both your office and lodgings during the last forty-eight hours, but no one could tell me anything about you; and—Jove! what has happened to you?" he interposed, as he searched his friend's eager, glowing face, and remarked his animated, joyous manner. "I should think you had taken a fresh pull at the Elixir of Life." I have," anid Wallace laurching out carely

think you had taken a fresh pull at the Elixir of Life."

'I have," said Wallace, laughing out gayly in his newly found happiness; "and Cameron, love is the elixir of life, ian't it?"

'Y—es," and now Lord Cameron looked sharply at him.

Could this smiling, animated face belong to the same man who so recently had told him that "his heart was dead"—that he "could never love again in this world?"

Wallace saw that his friend was sorely perplexed by the change in him, and he grew grave at once.

"Cameron, what, to you, would seem the

at once.

"Cameron, what, to you, would seem the most wonderful thing that could happen in this world?" he asked.

"I should as soon think that Violet could come back to earth as that you could fall in love," the young earl answered, still regarding him fixedly.

Wallace lost some of his unusual color at this unexpected reply.

Wallace lost some of his unusual color to this unexpected reply.

"How strange that you should have thought of that!" he said.

"That I should have thought of what?" de-manded Lord Cameron, looking a trifle an-noyed, "You deal in enigmas this morning," "Of Violet coming back to earth," said Wal-

"I did not think of her coming back; I only said that would not seem much more wonderful than that you should fall in love, after all that you have so recently said."

"I could never love any but the girl whom I made—my wife, Cameron," Wallace returned, in a volce that quavered slightly; "and now be prepared for a shock, my friend, for I do not know how to break my tidings any other way—Violet has come back to me!"

"Wallace! you know that is impossible! Are

Violet has come back to me!"

"Wallace! you know that is impossible! Are you crasy!" cried his companion, selzing him by the arm and searching his face with the greatest anxiety, while his own grew very pale.

"No, I am not crasy, although I can hardly wonder that you should fear it," said the young man. "My friend, do not look so incredulous, for I have told you only the truth. Violet has really come back to me; she never died—it was really come back to me; she never died—it was really a terrible mistake; and, oh, Cameron, I believe I am the happiest mortal living at this moment."

There was no mistaking the ring of truth and

There was no mistaking the ring of truth and sincerity in the young man's tones, and, though Lord Cameron could not wholly credit the statement that Wallace had made, he felt sure that something very wonderful must have occurred to have thus changed the hitherto sorrowing, hopeless young man into this eager, buoyant, joy-beaming lover.

"Sit down, Richardson," he said, with all the calmess that he could assume, "and, if you can talk connectedly and intelligibly, tell me what your strange words mean. Have you turned spiritualist—have you seen a materialized spirit and you surely cannot expect me to believe that Violet Huntington is here in New York city, in bodily presence?"

"Yes, I do—just that, I have held her in these arms; her own have clasped my neck; her lips have pressed mine. I have looked into her dear eyes. I have heard her speak."

"Richardson! truly, I am losing patience

with you; what strange hallucination is this? It cannot be possible, when I saw Violet dead and in her casket—when you yourself have looked upon her grave at Mentone!" sternly re'urned Lord Cameron, who really began to fear that his friend's mind had been unhinged by long grief.

"It was all a mistake," reiterated Wallace, "and Vane—" with sudden thought—" don't you remember that last day in London when I saw that face in a passing carriage, and how it startled me by its strange resemblance to my darling?"

"Yes," and Lord Cameron s'aried.

"Well, that was Violet herself!—she was on her way to the Midland grand station to take the train for Glargow. The body that was buried at Mentone was that of a poor peasant girl."

And then Wallace proceeded to relate Violet's

her way to the Midland grand station to take the train for Gla-gow. The body that was buried at Mentone was that of a poor peasant girl."

And then Wallace proceeded to relate Violet's history from the time of her flight from the hotel up to the time of his flading her two days previoue.

Lord Cameron listened amazed. The story seemed too strange, too unreasonable to be true; but told in detail as it was, he was compelled to believe ir.

The strong man was deeply moved also by the memories it revived, for he had truly loved the beautiful girl, and had sincerely mourned her supposed untimely death.

His wonder was gradually supplanted by a feeling of profound gratitude that she had escaped the terrible fate which every one supposed had overtaken her.

He sincerely rejoiced also, that Wallace, whom he regarded almost in the light of a dear brother, would once more be happy—that his life would not be the broken, hopeless existence, which he had feared he must henceforth lead.

He believed too, that he could look upon his future happiness with Violet as calmly, and in as friendly a spirit, as if she had been a cherished sister, instead of the woman whom he had once hoped to marry.

He was somewhat surprised, as he secretly tried to analyze his own feelings, at the change that had come over him of late, and he was sure that the affection which he had conceived for the beautiful girl, whom he had recently chosen to be his wife, was as deep and pure, and tender—if it had not quite the ardor of a first passion in it—as that which he had once bestowed upon Violet.

"Wallace, I was never so grateful for anything in my life as I am for this wonderful news," he said, earnestly, when the young husband concluded his story. "I am personally thankful for the perservation of Violet's life, and I rejoice, with all my heart, with you, in the great happiness that will henceforth be yours and hers.

Wallace turned and looked gravely into his Triend'aeves.

Wallace turned and looked gravely into his

triend's eyes.

Lord Cameron met his glance, frankly and

Lord Cameron met his glance, frankly and smilingly.

"Do not fear," he said; "there is no sting in this for me—that is all gone, and my future with the woman whom I truly love—whom every day I am growing to reverence and admire more and more—wil: be all the happier for knowing that your life will be perfected in this union, which I believe was ordained in heaven."

this union, which I believe heaven."

The two friends clasped hands, while each felt assured that the bond of friendship between them was stronger than it had ever been before, and when that cordial grasp relaxed, there were tears upon the cheeks of

(io be Continued.)

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Before the Flood

Hojack—A great deal of attention is being devoted to air-ships nowadaye. Passifer—Yes; just as has been the case for thousands of years. Hojack—I d'dn's know that aerial navigation was a matter of investigation so long ago as that. Passifer—Oh, yes; there has been trouble over heirships ever since Esau and Jacob traded in birthrights.—Chicago

We have a very fine stock of Opera Glasses, Opera Fans, Carb Chain Bracelets, Curb Chain Rings-just the thing for Xmas presents. Brown's, 110 Yonge street.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—" Correspondence Column" IATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

DUTCHY. - See Gipsy Jane. D. McC .- Carelessness, lack of self-control, originality and self-esteem.

Doris --You are honorable, just, candid, kindly, self-reliant and a little selfish.

C L. C.—This writing exhibits ambition, some vanity, strong self-will, generosity and flippancy.

CYRIAC—This shows reserve, selfishness, fondness for admiration, indecision and some self-esteem.

PAT I.—Your writing indicates impulse, energy, good powers of endurance and indecision in small things.

MARY —In this writing I see much strength of purpose, agenuity, power of endurance, ambition and high sense of

Rosita.—You are ambitious, very deceisive, rather of disposition, practical to calculating shrewdness, R. S. Union —The writing indicates a methodical mind, ondness of social life, ambition, independence of thought mergy and tact.

energy and tact.

JOHN L.—The quotation is from Herrick and begins:

Gather the rose-buds while ye may." 2. Yes, certainly, i
will delineate the photograph.

VERONICA.—You are probably very impulsive, generous,
self-willed, self-assertive and possessed of much magnetism
of manners. Why did you sign Beatrice?

PRDEO.—This portrait explains to me that the original is autions, self-reliant, reserved, candid, penetrating, judicously firm and ambiti us. The forehead is musical with-

out doubt.

ENAMANA.—Your writing displays carelessness, vivacity, firmness of will, cordiality and self-esteem. In the enclosed one, you f. rget two curious little loop letter adornments, and they whispered your secret to me.

C. Y. K.—Your writing indicates loquacity, a kindly, generous and tender nature, good method, orginality and merriment. In answer to your query I must say that some teters are a great nuisance, but many are a real pleasure to read and no trouble whatever to answer.

to read and no trouble whatever to answer.

Proof O'Moors.—No trouble whatever, my new correspondent! You are doubtless anxious to succeed in some one chosen life-way, for ambition is strongly marked. You are also energetic, ingenious, conscientious, self-reliant and brave. I cannot give you the address you ask for.

Hos Doesnin.—Certainly I will tell you what kind of a boy I think that you are. You are probably active, generous, impulsive, headless, self-esteeming and a little petulant. S. The sentence is grammatically correct, but the word "nice" is so much abused that it is scarcely elegant.

gant.

Nost.—I do not test competent to give you the advice for which you ask. It is a matter to which you must give nouth earnest thought, and be guided by your ofromstances, inclination and ability. You writing essens unformed, and the enclosed is evidently a disguised speci-

MARIANA.—Yes, Emma Abbot sang here in grand opera last year. She was renowned as a queen of the opera and revered for the domesticity and goodness of her life. You speak flippantly. Do you dare to think that all women who appear behind the footlights are not true women? You are harsh and narrowed in mind, and I have no patience with you.

Giver Jarz.—The questions you ask are very silly, for how in the world can I tell what kind of a man you will marry? Regarding the correspondence—nost emphati-ally. No: You have a mother to submit such a question to, any ou should deprin tupon her advice in the master. If you write promiscuously to all the men you know, there will

as well. Your writing incloates some generosity and aptness in any calling requiring energy and self-reliance, but you are careless, it am straid, as well as very seasitive.

A PUZZIAD MAID — Probably your father is in the right but sur iy be will list you do a little as older gills do—that is if all things else are as they should be. "How can you tell what I am like you ask me? Why every letter tells its own little tale. Every dot that is there, and every one that is lacking, speaks of various characteristics. Earn slope, dash, curve, stroks and point reveals something, and if I were to tell you all about it, you would have enough study matter for a month, and then would need some experience. Compilemen's are poor things at best. An honest criticism is better for you and better for the speaker. Churchill says that it is "light coin"—and speaks of the "tinsel clink of compilement." I am glad you are so lenient in your judgment of me. I have grown accustomed to being called severe in this column, and your touching faith in my good nature should, I think, be responsible for a healthy sprout thereon. Why yes, wr te again, I shall be glad to hely you—if I can and may.

Miss Nondy —Thank you for your kind wishes. I. I could not advise you regarding the best fitting for the stage. You would do better to ask some trustworthy members of the profession. 2. Yes, you may send me the photograph and refer me to this answer or, if you use the same name I shall remember that I promised to do it, 3. Ask your mother's advice about the gift. You may be sure that she will advise you in the right direction. 4. To the question of chaperon, I cannot answer. No social laws are binding, and yet we cannot sford to defy them at all times for tongues are bitter enemies. 6. Your frankness and generous nature are, I think, the most admirable traits in your character. 6 No, do not correspond with him. From what you have said I could not advise you otherwise. 7 I scarcely know what to say about the two friends who are less friendly. It is qu

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Balls. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarth. All lowed by semsumpts and control of the contro

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come a day when your heart will ache with a large-sized wish that you had them all back and could "dedicate them to Vuican," with the kitchen stove for an atar.

DRAMATIC.—Aux Hailens is by Owen Meredith. It is an exq inste reverie and very effective as a recitation, though perhaps a little old. In the last verse but one you will find an excellent bit of philosophy and tenderness. I wish you all success. In any calling in life, fathful, one scientious work is the only sure foundation. You can find almost any yoem for recitation by looking in the last number of Diok's recitations, the Hun red Choice Selections or the Elocutionists' Annual. In each of the-be books there is a full index of the poems in all the back numbers. If though, you are at any time at a lose, send me word, for I think I can flid you anything which has been aftworite recitation. Will you write me sgain and tell me how you are progressing.

YANK-W-You unreasonable mortal! I have laughed at a pologized to, and lost patience with the people who ask for replies "in next issue," and from this time on I am noting to be sarcastic and ask them embarrassing questions, N. W. my dear Yarkee, I have in the drawer sacred them, one hundred and twenty-eight letters, many of which are breathing forth an unheeded prayer for an answer if your next issue," They are all placed in the drawer according to the date of their arrival, but they cannot all you are the same of the thing of the date of their arrival, but they cannot all you are resoluted to block in the with you are careless, I am afraid, as well as very sensitive.

A PUZZLED MAID — Probably your father is in the right but you are careless, I am afraid, as well as very sensitive.

A PUZZLED MAID — Probably your father is in the right but you we will be you as a least of the sensition out they give a possible of the sensitive of the proposed and path of the probably your father is in the right your are careless, I am afraid, as well as very sensitive.

A PUZZLED MAID — Probably your father is in the right

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The Kind Fish Man and the Ailing Girl.

"Hope y' ain't got the tot hache, mum?" said the fish man the other day to a J reey City girl, at whose Fouse he was delivering some oysters. The fish man typek in compassionate tones, for the girl was sitting forlornly in a chair, with both hands pressed convulsively to the sides of her face.

"No, not the toothache," she moaned, "only a horrible sore throat that is a thousand times worse than any toothache ever could be." "Is that all?" replied the fish man. "Why, if you'll listen to my advice, you'll have that all cured in no time." "Do tell me how," exclaimed the girl, "and I'll be forever grateful to you." "There ain't nothing easier," said the fish man, "than to cure a sore throat. You can get rid of it in no time. All you have to do is to get a raw clam and bind it over on the place where the soreness is, and it will jest move out and not leave any sign of ever havin' been there. Raw cham applied outside, that the doctors had given up. That's the truth, that is, and I advise you to try a couple of 'em on your sore throat."

"Well, if they'll do any good, I wish you'd send me round a couple," said the girl, "and I'll give them a trial."

"That I will, mum, and I'm sure they'll fix you up."

The fish man did as he promised. He selected two extra plump clams, opened the m carefully, and sent them round to the house. A few days as specially, as of color.

TT

Toronto

Theeps having occasion to leave an order at the had done her daughter's sore throat any good. "Why, to tell you the truth," replied the mother, "she did not apply them in the way you advised. She said they looked so appetizing that she could not resist the temptation and then ate them."—N. Y. Sun.



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you up."

The fish man did as he promised. He selected.

The fish man did as he promised them carefully,

Out of Town.

On Monday evening of last week Mrs. Mason gave a progressive euchre party and dance in honor of her niece, Miss Cecy Harrison of Toronto, who has been visiting at Harr Hall. All present had a most enjoyable time.

Rowanhurst was the scene of a large gathering on Thursday, January 15, it being the occasion of an At Home, given by Mrs. Dyment, who was assisted in receiving her guests by her daughter, two friends from Portland, Miss Bell of Hamilton and Miss Wood of Millbrook. The house was prettily lighted, and decorated with flowers and smilax. Plnk was the shade which predominated, as the refreshments took the form of a "pink tea," and this color was carried out with great taste through all details. A portion of the 35th Battslion band were scated in the upper hall and furnished music during the afternoon in a pleasing style. Among those present were Mr. H. Strathy, Mrs. H. H. Morris, Mr. J. Strathy, Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. and Miss Spry, Mr. Chapman, Mr. J. McCarthy, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, the Misses Mason, Miss C. Harrison of Toronto, Miss Kortright, Miss V. Major, Mr. L. McCarthy, Miss Schreiber, Mrs. L. Beatty, Mrs. Rogerson, Mr. and Mrs. Holgate, Mrs. David, Miss Lytell, Mr. Saunders, Miss Cotter, Miss Brydon, the Misses Baker, Miss Holmes, Mrs. and Miss Boyanko, Mrs. Burton, Miss L. McCarthy, Mrs. and Misse Schreiber, Mrs. L. Beatty, Mrs. And Miss Bosanko, Mrs. Burton, Miss L. McCarthy, Mrs. and Misses Forsyth. Miss L. McCarthy, Mrs. and Hesses Forsyth. Miss L. McCarthy, Mrs. and the Misses Forsyth. Miss L. McCarthy and others.

On Friday, January 16, Mrs. J. McCarthy gave a small evening party for some friends.

A skating party was enjoyed by some young people last Saturday night. Afterwards all avalled themselves of the hospitality of Dr.

availed themselves of the hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy.

A large and very successful At Home was given on Wednesday last by Mrs. J. Cotter of Rock Forest. The hostess was assisted in entertaining the guests by Miss Cotter, and Miss Hill of Niagara. This event having taken place in the middle of the week, I am unable to give a more complete account.

OCULAIRE.

Mrs. Bruce entertained a few friends at dinner last Thursday evening. Miss Spratt gave a skating party last Friday

Miss Spratt gave a skating party last Friday evening.

Mrs. Warren Burton gave a charming dinner to a number of her friends on Friday evening. Miss Daisy Forsythe of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Western of Hughson street.

Miss Haggarty of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Henry MacLaren.

Cards are issued for the Masonic ball on January 30, and for the Bachelors' on February 6, the former to be held in the Armory, and the latter in the Grand Opera House.

Mrs. MacLaren of Oak Bank gave a small atternoon tea on Wednesday.

Mrs. Richard Fuller has issued cards for an At Home on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Henry MacLaren was At Home on Friday from five till seven.

Mrs. Ridley gave a delightful skating party on Wednesday evening.

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Mrs. Ridley gave a felightful skating party on Wednesday coming.

Mrs. Ridley gave a felightful skating party on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Ridley gave a splendid skating party on Wednesday coming.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelton Fuller of Woodstock are the guests of Mrs. Fuller, late of Bishophurst.

The parlor concert given by Mrs. Reginald Kennedy at Idlewild was a splendid affair, this being the first entertainment given in this beautiful house, which was recently finished, and is a work of perfect architecture. There were a large number of people present. Among them I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Lottridge. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Mewburn, Mr. and Mrs. R. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. F. Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. R. Steele, Miss Roe, Mr. and Mrs. Papps, Mr. and Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Charlton, Mrs. Woolverton, Mr. and Mrs. George Thomson, Miss Robertson, Miss Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Shelton Fuller of Woodstock, Miss Spratt, Miss Lottridge, Mr. Armour of Toronto, the Misses Howard, MacInnes, Hamilton, Dunlop, Ricketts, O'Rielly, Ridley, Gaviller, Grant, Roach, Bruce, Hooper and Turner, Messrs. Saunders, Southam, Ferrie, Ricketts, Harris, Patterson, Oxenham, Billet, Mewburn, Labatt. The programme was exceedingly good and consisted of plantation choruses and plano duetts by the Misses Roach. Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Miss Agnes Dunlop, Messra, Ricketts and Saunders favored the assemblage with solos and duetts. A very good sum was realized in aid of the Cathedral Guild.
Miss Bristol of Buffalo is the guest of Mrs. Charlton of John street north.
Prof. Clark of Toronto will give a lecture on Savonarola at Dundurn the beautiful residence of Senator MacInnes, in aid of St. George's Church mission.
Mrs. Lucas entertained a number of friends

Church mission.

Mrs. Lucas entertained a number of friends at dinner on Wednesday evening.

Everybody is looking forward to the assault-at-arms to be given in the Opera House, Thursday evening, of which I will give a full account next week.

next week.

Mr. Hugh C. Baker gave a delightful sleighing party to Ancaster on Monday evening.

SYLVIA.

Books and Magazines.

The New England Magazine starts out this year with an excellent number. In its January number it has a delightful article on Christmas Bells, illustrated with pictures of the most mas Bells, illustrated with pictures of the most famous bells in the world; also Poe's poem, The Bells, illustrated. Three or four interesting short stories, with a large number of poems make bright its pages. There is an article on Alexander Pope, an American animal painter of eminence, with illustrations from his work, also a short paper on The History of Historical Writing in America. The New England promises well for 91.

A very useful, little volume is the Presbyterian Year Book for 1891, just published by the Presbyterian Printing and Publishing Co. It is prefaced by a portrait of Rev. Dr. Laing, Moderator of the General Assembly, and contains much concise information that will be of great value to Presbyterians and outsiders as well.

Fine Tailoring.

The Theater and Opera season together with the various Masonic At Homes and the Yacht Club ball about to take place, a few suggestions in reference to dress would not be out of place. As to dress at dramatic performances the lines are not so closely drawn, but for such a time and place as Zetland At Home, which was neld last evening, the full evening dress is the proper thing. Having received a large number of orders for it as well as for the Yacht Club ball, I would call your attention to the very fine line of dress sultings and fancy evening dress vestings, which I have just received, and would ask your inspection, Henry A. Taylor, the fashlonable West End tailor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

French and German.

The Ingres Coutellier School of Modern Languages is the first institution of this kind, on such a large scale, established in Toronto. This school is occupying one of the finest rooms in the city in the new Canada Life building. The office is elegantly furnished with the artistic taste peculiar to Parisians, and adjoining it are four spacious and well-lighted recitation rooms. All pupils converse in French and German as English is forbidden in the school. A pure accent is imparted to them, as all the teachers are natives of France and Germany. The Ingres Couteillier school has branches in all the principal cities of Canada. In Montreal the school is situated in the magnificent Nordhelmer building, St. James street. Mr. Ingres is in charge of the Montreal school and Mr. Couteillier is directing the Toronto estab-

lishment About every fortnight Prof. George Couteiller delivers lectures on French subjects in the Y. M. C. A. building, which heretofore have been very largely attended. Prof. Couteiller will deliver three French lectures in Ottawa on February 11, 12 and 13, and two in Montreal on February 14 and 16.

Wrinkles. The outward signs of care are traceable to two things: The condition of the muscles. Alterations in the appearance caused by the defective circulation which springs from sorrow or anxiety are only temporary. It is the alteratuse of the control of the muscles and the control of the muscles are caused by the condition of the muscles is caused by the condition of the muscles are caused by the condition of the muscles are caused by the condition of the muscles are caused by the condition of the muscles and scholars, unless the effort to maintain the thought becomes painful. In other words, it is not thought that produces the contraction of the muscles whose results are those grooves between the brows from which women shrink, provided the condition of the muscles whose results are those grooves between the brows from which women shrink, provided the contraction of the muscles have those grooves between the brows from which women shrink, provided the contraction of the muscles have a contraction of the muscles have a contraction of all the muscles, as against an enemy, an obstacle to be overcome, that makes the face take seams, lines, furrows under the influence of care. When the enemy is containing the contraction become permanent. Now, the women on whom care least succeeds in fastening its fangs are those of the two most opposite types of the sex; the women who bear avery anxiety or misfortune with a perfect humility and patience, who treat all forms of the worst that they can do with a magnificent cart of alry deflance; who treat all forms of the worst that they can do with a magnificent cart of alry deflance; who treat all forms of the worst that they can do with a magnificent cart of alry deflance; who treat all forms of the worst that they can do with a magnificent cart of alry deflance; who treat all forms of the worst that they can do with a magnificent cart of alry deflance; who treat all forms of the worst that they can do with a magnificent cart of alry deflance; who treat all forms of the worst that they

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Con The Control	375 Yards Silk Faced Sealette						1
	\$ 6 Sealette, now selling for 10 Sealette, now selling for 20 Sealette, now selling for		-		-		5.00 5.00 7.60
	1,400 Yards Mantle and Ulster	Cl	ot	hs			The state of the s
	Former price was \$0 now selling for - Former price was \$1 0, now selling for Former price was 2. 0, now selling for Former price was 3.00 now selling for				-	-	\$ 40 75 1.00 1.50

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lightest of small talk, social news, a little gossip, the figures of the last german, what more can you expect from the daily life of the talkers? At eight they drive to the theater, enter at the end of the first act, lose the thread of the play, but disturb the audience sufficiently to make their presence known, and so accomplish one of their purposes in going. These box parties as a rule are not noisy when they once get settled.

The girls pose for inspection in front of the box and the men lounge against the wall in the box did not have a self-contained youths and maidens, for it is well known that society frowns on enthusiasm. The Washington girl needs all her strength to bear her through her manifold pleasures. She cannot waste any on enthusiasms.

After this salemn dramatic ordeal the girl is

enthusiasms.

After this solemn dramatic ordeal the girl is driven to a reception, first picking up a chaperon en route.—New York Times.

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The News.

Mrs. Hayfork—Anything for me? Rural postmaater—I don't see nothin'. Mrs. Hayfork—I was expectin' a letter er postal from Aunt Sally Spriggs tellin' what day she was comin'. Rural Postmaster (calling his wife)—Did you see a postal from Mrs. Hayfork's Aunt Sally tellin' what day she was comin'? His wife—Yes; she's comin' Thureday,—Brooklyn Life.

In our Bankrupt Stock of \$18,700 from Montreal we have an immense assortment of Boys' and Children's Clothing. This stock was bought for the fall and winter business, and comprises the finest grades made for the Montreal Trade. The entire stock must be cleared before March 1, and has been marked at prices that will insure them going before then

Mothers will do well to see our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

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Ending a Letter.

Examining three hundred letters in order to test the popularity of the various phrases used in ending them, nearly half the number were found to conclude with "Yours Truly." Trite, commonplace and devoid of meaning as two words can be, yet they hold the lead in favor to an extent not to be wondered at in business letters. "Very Respectfully" and "Yours Respectfully," are suitable terms, when the person to receive the letter is much older than the sender, or by reason of his position deserves some marked expression of deference, but the phrases are too often used without regard to their significance. "Yours, etc," and the abbreviated form "Resp." for Respectfully, seem half-hearted, lazy sort of signatures; a zigzag line would mean as much and be easier to make. They have not even the slight merit of "In Haste" or "Hastily," which at least serve as an apology for poor writing. As far as simplicity goes, "Yours" is preferable by far, and, indeed, is the best way to say something without meaning anything—best because the shorter the meaningless formula the better. Some polite ending to a letter is better no doubt than the abrupt signature alone, and each person may select for himself, but for all ordinary purposes there is no better form than "Yours Truly." Ending a Letter.

Stuck on the Corner.

Yeast—Why is it that a loafer is like a postage stamp?
Crimsonbak—Well, I suppose it is because he seems to be stuck on the corner.—Yonkers Statesman.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births. MITCHELL-At Toronto, on January 14, Mrs. W. E. itchell—a daughter. RATHBUN—At Deseronto, on January 18, Mrs. E. W. Rathbun—a daughter.

BANKIER—At Hamilton, on January 17, Mrs. P. M. ankier—a daughter.
MATTHEWS—At Parkdale, on January 13, Mrs. Charles.
MATTHEWS—At Parkdale, on January 13, Mrs. Charles.
TLLLSON—At Gravenhurst, on January 8, Mrs. B. W. lison—a daughter. • GRASETT—At Toronto, on January 19, Mrs. F. Le M. Grasett—a son.
WILLIAMS—At Toronto, on January 20, Mrs. Esten illiams—a daughter. BAIN—At Peterborough, on January 18, Mrs. W. Gibbs BARCLAY-At Whitby, on January 18, Mrs. L. T. Bar-

Marriages.

KERR—STOREL—At St. Thomas' Church, Walkerton, on fanuary 21, by Rev. Fred. Helling Fatt, rector, Edwin tombough Kerr, merchaet, to Grace Austin, daughter of Charles W. Storet, Eq. (GALT—HENDERSON—At Toronto, on January 20, W. lalt ta Augus Repnile Handerson. GALT.—HENDERSON.—At Toronto, on January 20, w. Gait to Agnes Rennie Henderson.

BIRD.—STANTON.—At Coboury, on January 14, Thomas Alexander Sird to Constance Louise Stanton.

DRUMMOND—ROBE—At Toronto, on January 15, Rev. James Drummend, B.A., of Carberry, Man., to Jame Shep-

herd Robb.

WILSON—IRVING—At Toronto, on January 20, Robert
S. Wilson to Sarah Invince. 8. Wilson to Sarah Irving.

BECK—SMYTH—At the residence of the bride's brother,

A. E. Smyth, Detroit, on Thursday, January 15, by Rev.

John W. Thrush of Christ Church, Edward Beck of Detroit to Annie S., third daughter of the late W. J. Smyth of To-

one.

STRONG—WILLIAMS—At St. Paul, Mins., on January
, Joseph W. Strong to Louise Williams.
HOLMES—CRONKHITE—At Wellandport, Ont., on Jan-lary 20, Charles Seneca Holmes to Lottie Jennette Cronk-

Deaths.

JAGGAR—At Toronto, on January 18, John Jagger, aged 53 years. GOSS—At Toronto, on January 17, Beatrice Annie Goss, acad it years.

LAVIN-At Toronto, on January 20, Thomas Lavin, aged years. HOWARD—At Toronto, on January 19, Mrs. Isabella Howard, aged 55 years.

MARSHALL—At Toronto, on January 19, Mrs. John G

arshall SEA-MUIR—At Toronto, on January 18, Eliza Sea-Muir. LAP#IN—At Toronto, on January 19, P. Lappin, aged 69 ears
DUNLOP—At Toronto, on January 17, Mrs. Mary Ann Punlop, aged 66 years. EWAN—At Otiawa, on January 20, Laura Violet Ewan, aged 2 years. TISDALE—In Toronto township, on January 10, William isdale, aged 52 years. WHITFIELD—At Toronto, on January 20, Charles Whit-

eld, aged 60 years. WARD—At Toronto, on January 20, James Ward, aged HANCOCK-At Toronto, on January 18, Rev. William HANGOUR—At JOIDIDO, OH JANUARY 120, REV. WHIRAM JANGOOK.

MACINTYRE—At Duart, on January 13, Mrs. Margaret Jarewell Macintyre, aged 88 years.

STEVENS—At Manitou Springs, Col., on January 19, Marile R. Stevens of Toronto, aged 39 years.

DRUMMOND—At Toronto, on January 17, Mrs. Barbara.

Drummond, aged 58 years.

WHITTON—At York Mills, on January 18, John Whitton, and 58 years.

aged 58 year. YOUNG—At Toronto, on January 16, John W. Young. CARMICHAEL—At Toronto, on January 16, William Car nichael. GARRETTE-At Toronto, on January 17, Mrs. George F. earrette.

MAJOR—At Whitevale, on January 16, Mrs. H. Major.
GORMAN—At Toronto, on January 17, Robert Gorman aged 75 years.

MITCHELL—At Toronto, on January 18, Thos. Mithell, aged 69 years.

DOBSON—At Richmond Hill, on January 18, Thomas J.

Dobson, aged 70 years. JONES—At Toronto, on January 17, John Jones, aged 55 reare.

HORNIEROOK—At Toronto, on January 18, youngest ion of J. T. Hornibrook, aged 15 months.

REYNOLDS—At Toronto, Oscar Reynolds, aged 13 years.

DIXON—At Toronto, on January 18, John Dixon, aged ROPER—At Chicago, on January 15, Howard Roper aged 54 years.
LAWKENCE—At Bradford, on January 20, Walter H.
Lawrence, aged 20 years.
HARRIS—At Toronto, on January 20, John Harris, aged 29 years. SMITH—At Woolwich township, on December 21, Robert Smith, aged 94 years.

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